

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1890.

Trade Unionism, New and Old.

WE hear a great deal just now about what is called "the new trade unionism," the "new" being contrasted with the "old," apparently to the latter's disadvantage. The frequent use of the term "new trade unionism" indicates a lamentable lack of knowledge on the part of those who use it, or of an utter want of precision in the employment of terms to express what is meant. The run-and-read people of the present day seem to be totally ignorant of industrial history, and to delight in little else than in mere sensationalism with just a dash of sentimentalism to flavour the concoctions which they devour, either by way of "reading," or in listening to highly coloured speeches from the new teachers of social and economic laws. It is not difficult to dash off high-sounding sentences, couched in general terms, seasoned with stray words and catching expressions; it is much more difficult, and even laborious to search out and master hard facts. The loudest talker will often carry his audience, while the more thoughtful speaker is simply engaged in stating, without embellishment, an exact fact, which, however essential to the case in hand, is dubbed dry and uninteresting. Yet the latter is durable as granite, while the former evaporates like mist.

The pace at which we live appears to be a hindrance to laborious study. Conviction, based upon well-defined principles, is becoming rarer and rarer day by day; men are too busy to think. But opinions abound. They are easily formed, and quite as easily changed; they are modified by each morning's issue of their favourite daily paper, and discarded as soon as formed. So volatile is the frame of mind of great masses of the people, in all

ranks and conditions of life, that modifications, and even changes in opinion are scarcely perceived, either in the individual or in the mass, because the impression of yesterday was so slight, that the newer impression substituted therefor entirely effaces that of a few hours previously. The old expression "changeable as the moon," will have to be replaced by some other, such as "varying as the tide," the ebb and flow of which is continuous. But even the tides are regular, and governed by definite laws.

This characteristic of change seems to be the essential germ of the "new trade unionism," about which so much is heard and written, but which so few appear to grasp or understand. It has another quality or two. It is egotistical in its assumptions, reckless in its statements, abusive in its attacks, and not over-scrupulous in its methods, or in the means it adopts to secure its ends. Whatever definite aims it might have in the social and economical revolution which it contemplates, in the near or remote future, it is careful to be very ambiguous in defining them. Indeed, whether we read the literature, or hear the speeches of its "leaders," we are struck by an utter absence of a distinctive programme, such as could be formulated into a law. There are of course some points which are clearly enough stated; but the general scope of their demands is so vague that the leaders are able to shift their ground each time they are attacked, or they begin to add limitations which demolish the theory upon which they are based. These are strong statements, and require to be substantiated by undeniable facts. These we propose to supply, and to show what the "new trade unionism" is, and in what it differs from the old, in objects, methods, and means, and in its mode of advocacy.

I.—THE NEW TRADE UNIONISM.

It certainly has not been made very clear as yet—what is and what is not included in the expression "new trade unionism." We have therefore to get at its meaning by an examination of the acts and utterances of its most prominent advocates and leaders. The following appears to be a fair general summary of their views and intentions, in so far as they are capable of being generalized.

(1.) The new trade unionism appears to insist upon discarding all friendly society benefits, and of combining for trade purposes only. This policy was expounded and enforced with great unction by Mr. Tom Mann at "the first half-yearly meeting of

the Dockers' Union," held in Toynbee Hall on the 29th of March, 1890. Mr. John Burns seems to accept to the full the same principle and policy. He has often spoken disparagingly, if not sneeringly, of his own great union, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, because of its being a huge friendly society. Judging by the public utterances of most of the "leaders" whose speeches are reported, they all seem to agree in this respect.

(2.) They believe in a looser form of Association, and in Federations, the linking together, more or less, of men of various trades as well as grades, for the purposes of attack and defence in matters pertaining to wages, hours of labour, &c.

(3.) They rely upon demonstrations, by bands of music, banners, Phrygian caps of liberty, and other symbols of aggregate force, as a method of industrial warfare.

(4.) They assert the essence of their movement to be selfish in its character, that it means less work for more wages and nothing more. This is strongly brought out in Mr. H. H. Champion's article in the *Nineteenth Century* in April last, wherein he, under the name of Blake, says: "I say then that the working classes, like most other people, want to do less work and get more money. They will use their political power steadily to that end above all others." He proceeds to ask whether "the human animal is actuated by the love of his neighbour, or the instinct of self-preservation."

(5.) They rely upon the stimulation of discontent, and begin by decrying the efforts of existing unions, as having failed to do for the workers what it was intended that they should do.

(6.) They vigorously attack the old leaders and officers of unions, thus seeking to discredit the men and disparage their work.

(7.) Some at least openly disavow conciliation and arbitration. Mr. Cunningham Grahame, emphasising this feeling, thanked God that though he had often interfered in labour disputes, he had never done so in the character of a mediator, or as favouring conciliation. Some may not, however, go so far as he does upon this question.

(8.) The "new trade unionists" seem to rely absolutely upon legislation, rather than upon combination, to achieve their ends. They appear only to agree in this one principle, namely, that the State shall undertake to do for the individual what the "old trade unionists" contend that the men should do by themselves, for themselves, by individual exertion, backed and supported by

associative effort. In other words, the one party seeks to operate politically through legislation, the other by means of liberty and association.

The above appear to be the chief characteristics of the new party, and the main points in which they differ from the old, as they allege. To deal exhaustively with the whole of the foregoing would occupy more space than can be allotted to this paper. But a very brief reply will perhaps suffice, seeing that the real answer will be found in an exposition of the work of trade unions, described as "the old trade unions," during the last thirty to forty years.

(a.) Friendly Society benefits have been engrafted upon the old trade unions during comparatively recent years. The earlier unions were for "trade objects only." To discard those benefits would be a retrograde step, going back to the infancy of the unions, when wages were low, when the funds were unprotected, when combination itself was unlawful. Few of the old unions on the old lines were able to bear the strain of labour struggles. They fought; many of them fought bravely; sometimes they won, oftener they lost, but, whether they lost or won, the union became disorganized, often demoralized, by a long fight, and went to decay. They lacked stability, and cases could be cited, even in recent times, of good and strong unions receding from the first place to a back place in the trade union movement. There was not sufficient cohesion; the link which bound the members to the society was weak; it snapped asunder as soon as the union was unable to enforce by fine or expulsion the rules by which they were governed.

(b.) Schemes of federation have been tried over and over again, and failed. A federation has not the inherent strength of an amalgamation, and cannot have, for the interests of men are diversified, not only in general life but in industrial life. There is always a strong tendency towards local management, and even in the large amalgamated unions this local feeling crops up, sometimes even to the extent of becoming embarrassing. The dangers of federation, on the basis of the new ideal, are patent to every man experienced in the work and operations of trade unions. Federation is a grand idea, but it is not possible to work it out upon the selfish idea of "Each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost" kind of policy.

(c.) The theory that demonstrations can win labour battles seems to be based on the political idea, but the two things do not

accord. When the people were unenfranchised, were without votes, the only power left to them was the demonstration of numbers. Now, however, the workmen have votes. A demonstration like that of the 4th of May of this year, or that of the 21st of June, 1884, is valuable, as a demonstration of accord, and of moral force; but, as a rule, strikes are not won by bands and banners, or parades in the streets. Only one such victory is recorded—when, by the blowing of rams' horns, and the shouts of the people, the walls of Jericho fell. Labour contests are not usually won in this way. The Dockers' Strike was exceptional—it had on its side public sympathy, evoked by the publication of the "Bitter Cry of London," and innumerable addresses, pamphlets, and sermons, describing the poor docker in harrowing terms. The event is not likely to happen again in a hurry. One swallow does not make a summer, and one successful Dockers' strike has not settled the labour question, as was shown by the disaster at Silvertown, at the South Metropolitan Gas-works, at the Manchester and Salford Gas-works, at Hay's Wharf, at Brookes' Wharf, and at the Oil Mills at Stratford.

(d.) With respect to the narrow view of Mr. Champion in the article referred to, it might express the sentiments of the new trade unionists, but its fallacy is shown in the fact that men and women who were not at all interested in the Dockers' strike, nay who were even averse to it, subscribed their money and enabled the Dockers to win, not from the selfish motive, but from a higher and nobler motive, that of love for their neighbours, and those the poorest and most wretched in London. Trade unions have never been wholly actuated by that narrow selfishness, though there is just enough of truth in the sentiment to save it from being stigmatized as a libel upon working men. Certainly their leaders have shown an example in the past of enormous personal sacrifices for the common good, an example less common now than formerly, especially with the new trade unionists. The unselfish character of trade unions is attested by the fact that they have ever given generously to every labour movement, no matter how it affected the union subscribing. For instance, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers has subscribed to men on strike when the strike was directed against the use of the very machinery which engineers make, but the Society of Engineers did not withhold their money on that account. Many similar cases might be cited, although not exactly on parallel lines.

(e.) The new trade unionists "have over and over again declared that their mission is to sow the seeds of discontent." They even glorify themselves for the avowal. Of course there is discontent and discontent: the one might be the wholesome motive power to personal effort and association, with the view of bettering their own condition and that of their fellows. But there might be a discontent which is dangerous and subversive of order and of law. It is difficult to assign to their expressions exactly what they mean; but if we examine it by the light of their attacks upon the Unions and their leaders or officials, it is extremely difficult to avoid the conclusion that they seek to evoke a discontent not wholly on the lines of progress, for order is the law of progress.

(f.) The persistent and constant attacks upon the old leaders of the Unions is as discreditable as it is unfair. The men so mercilessly attacked have grown old in the cause; they fought the battles when to do so was dangerous, they have borne the burden and heat of the day. Neither their long services, nor their sacrifices, nor their upright lives, have protected them from the scurrilous abuse of men, some of whom are scarcely two years old in the trade union movement. The new leaders seek to discredit the old and to disparage their work; be it so, that work remains to tell its own tale, and history will show that it will compare favourably with the achievements of these later days.

(g.) How far they disavow conciliation and arbitration is a matter of conjecture, as they have in some cases accepted it, in others rejected it; in one at least they violated the agreement after it had been solemnly entered into, when opportunity offered, and suffered defeat in consequence. The policy seems to be to denounce it as a system, to repudiate it where they can, and to accept it where they must. This, to say the least, is a doubtful policy, scarcely an honest one.

(h.) They never tire of complaining that the old trade unions have failed in their object, and, further, that they must necessarily fail. They look to political means and measures for the achievement of their object—to State aid and legislation, rather than to self-help and mutual help by associative effort. They seek to apply to adult males the principles embodied in the Factory and Workshops Act, by limiting their hours of labour broadly to eight hours a day, and practically to fix a minimum rate of wages, by clauses in Railway and other Bills,

and by an enforcement of a minimum day and a minimum wage in Government establishments, and in connection with municipal and local work carried on by the local authority. The foregoing appear to be the chief ends and aims of the "New Trade Unionism." Generally the leaders of the new trade unionism have proclaimed from the house-tops that the old trade unionism is effete, that it has fulfilled its mission, great as it was, but that it is now obsolete, both as regards objects and means. At the "International Congress" held in London in November 1888, the leaders "of the new school" denounced existing unions, such as the Engineers and others, as being incapable, as fighting machines, to procure for their members better wages or reduced working hours, and declared that the State, and the State only, could achieve what they wanted. This declaration won for them the applause of the foreign element at the Congress, but failed to carry the English workmen. Singularly enough those very men have since been preaching up trade unionism, as the active moving force which is to accomplish what they seek. The declarations above alluded to, and the subsequent action of the men referred to, do not accord; but consistency is not their forte, they are mere opportunists, who catch the breath of applause for the moment and then change their attitude to suit the next occasion, whatever that may be. Wherein, therefore, is the change of policy or difference between the new and the old, except in the expertness with which the later leaders climb down whenever they are pinned, or whenever any attempt is made to pin them, to any point in debate, whether of policy or action?

II.—"THE OLD TRADE UNIONISM."

The above expression is placed in inverted commas because it represents the notion that the objects and organization of the Trade Unions of the present day are old and effete: whereas "The New Trade Unionism," as it is called, really represents the old system, which has been long discarded by our best Unions, as already shown. The trade unionism so much denounced by the newer type of union, and its leaders, altogether differs from the description applied to it by the new apostles of labour in many respects; in others it has the merit of being more matured, more rational, and more effective than the mushroom unions called into existence in a night, like Jonah's gourd; the

real extent and value of whose power can only be tested in future years, after they have been in operation for some definite period, and have undergone some experience in labour disputes and administration.

The following are the leading characteristics of a *bond fide* trade union, whether denominated "new" or "old," and just in proportion to its fulfilment of all, or most of these essential conditions, so will it be strong and permanent.

(1.) In their essence trade unions are voluntary associations of workmen for mutual protection and assistance in securing generally the most favourable conditions of labour. This is undoubtedly their primary object, and includes all efforts to raise wages and prevent reductions in wages, to reduce the hours of labour, or resist attempts to increase those hours, and generally to regulate all matters pertaining to methods of employment or discharge, and modes of working. They are based upon the voluntary principle, and actual violation of that principle is contrary to law and morals, because it is an infringement of liberty. In the earlier struggles, when the law punished men for belonging to the union, the men retaliated by the exercise of compulsion wherever they could; but under newer and better laws and conditions this application of force and intimidation has diminished and nearly vanished. A resort to it by the new trade unions will but frustrate their objects in the end, by provoking a spirit of resistance. It has always been so, and always will, so long as there remains in an Englishman's breast any real love of liberty, and the pluck to assert it; force is no remedy—not even in trade unionism. If the men support an appeal to force, to compel their fellows to belong to a union, the employers are equally justified in appealing to force to prevent men from joining a union. The law is and must be equal.

(2.) The history of the earlier conflicts of Capital and Labour shows that a union of workmen, in any particular handicraft, for trade purposes only, was not able to withstand the continuous pressure to which it was subjected; the bond of union was too weak, it had no inherent strength, it rose to some power and influence under persecution and in a time of prospective struggle, but it invariably fell to pieces soon after the struggle was over, even if it survived the strains of the conflict. Plenty of instances could be cited if space permitted. Of course this was not the case in all instances, but even in recent years we have seen

several once powerful unions, so crippled as to force them from their proud pre-eminence to a back place among the unions. These facts were well known to men acquainted with the history of the earlier unions, and hence came the promptings to reconstruct the Trade Society upon a wider basis, with provisions which should weld the members into a closer union. The incorporation of Friendly Society benefits effected this. Then came the newer phase of trade unions, really the only new element in their organization, namely the donation fund, for the support of out-of-work members. This unique provision has sustained the unions in great conflicts for the last forty years; has prevented any great fall in wages, because men were no longer driven by hunger to supplant their fellows, or to accept terms other than those sanctioned by the rules of the Union. The extent of this provision may be seen by the fact that five Unions alone, namely the Engineers, Iron-founders, Boiler-makers and Iron Ship-builders, the London Society of Compositors, and the Carpenters and Joiners, have paid in out-of-work benefits, nearly three millions sterling (£2,949,646) in a period averaging about thirty-nine years. The money thus paid has prevented the recipients from becoming eager competitors in the labour market, to the extent of being obliged to undersell their fellows in the trade. These at least have not been "hireling slaves," for they could withhold their labour for a time. The other benefits, such as sick, superannuation, compensation in case of injury, and all the rest, have contributed to keep up a man's self-respect and maintain his independence. These benefits constitute the chief glory of the unions, and the men who denounce them are enemies to their class, and traitors to the cause of labour.

(3.) With respect to strikes, the most experienced of the "leaders" and officials, and the better class of sober workmen, regard them as evils to be avoided wherever possible, necessary evils sometimes, but only to be entered into, after other efforts at a settlement have failed. Hence the growing favour with which conciliation and arbitration is regarded, whenever it is found to be feasible and practicable among the more intelligent of the working classes. Formerly the employers resisted arbitration while the leaders of the unions supported it; now the practice and policy are reversed. All are not agreed upon the details of any scheme, but most are agreed on the principle.

(4.) Trade unionists have never been actuated by the narrow greed of *less work for more pay* in the nakedness indicated by

the writer in the *Nineteenth Century*. The principle always insisted upon is "a fair day's work for a fair day's pay;" the relative amount of work for the pay being regarded as a matter of arrangement by the members of the union, and their employers, upon some well-defined principle, either of custom in the locality, or the general wages of a district. The narrower selfish view insisted upon now will defeat its own ends, and result in disaster to the workmen. But there is little fear, happily, that the "old" system will be discarded to any larger extent. There is a spirit of fairness in the workmen, and generally of prudence, in matter of wages, hours of labour, and other conditions of employment, not easily to be set aside.

(5.) Trade unionists know by bitter experience that labour struggles are not to be won by mere demonstrations of numbers. A strike is a contact of material forces, and the capacity to stand out is the dominant force in the conflict. The "balance in hand" is the trustworthy reserve of the unionists, backed by the power of levy; these wanting, the issue may be foretold. The strikes at Hay's Wharf, Brook's Wharf, the Stratford Oil Mills, the South London Gas-works, and at other places, and their disastrous failures, attest this fact. "Victory all along the line" has not followed the tactics of the "new trade unionists," and will not, indeed cannot. They find that "prudence is the better part of valour," and have had frequently to recede from a false position. But it is not always easy to get out of a dilemma, as the "new leaders" may find to their cost. It is not difficult to foresee that leading poor men into delusive positions is calculated to provoke serious labour complications in the near future, dangerous alike to the permanent interests of labour and the general welfare of the community. Their tactics may even imperil the development of that solid form of trade union, by which alone the prosperity and happiness of the masses can be advanced and sustained.

(6.) Schemes of Federation have been tried by the old unions, and have failed. Plenty of examples are to be found during the present century of such failures. The modern unions have preferred amalgamations, on the lines of the Engineers; these have succeeded in most cases. The amalgamated unions are the strongest in numbers, the wealthiest in funds, the most powerful in organisation, and the most influential in labour disputes.

(7.) The old trade unions seek to remove the causes of

discontent, not to incite to discontent. Their whole efforts are directed to bettering the condition of their members in all lawful and practicable ways, and their success is attested by the fact that the condition of the labouring class of all sections has enormously improved during the last thirty years. Workmen to-day work fewer hours for larger wages than previously. If they have not done all that could be desired, it is not because they have not attempted it, but because workmen were not true to themselves or to the union whose resources were at their command. In all trades where the union was strong, the reductions of wages were minimised, if not altogether prevented, and no material extension of working hours has taken place. The man or the men who allege that the condition of work-people has not improved know little or nothing of their history, or they wilfully ignore the facts. They are at liberty to accept either horn of the dilemma. Where there was no union, or where it was weak, or where it went to pieces during the depression in trade, there the workmen suffered; perhaps we might add, deservingly suffered in too many cases.

(8.) The "new trade unionists" declare that the union has failed. Why then go on union lines? They answer their own accusations at once. "Imitation," they say, "is the sincerest form of flattery." The new party imitate in this one respect the tactics of the old; but they occupy a unique position as regards their modes of attack upon the old leaders and workers. Here they are not imitators. They have struck out a new path for themselves. They seek to elevate themselves by malicious calumnies, and by wilful and persistent abuse of men who for thirty years have fought labour's battle. They are welcome to this new mode of warfare. The old leaders rose by merit; their abilities and honesty were recognized by the men; they were elevated to the position by acclaim, and they are not, as yet, dethroned in the hearts of the masses. Evidence as to this was given at the Dundee Congress; further evidence was given at the demonstration on the 4th of May. This fact seems to embitter the new leaders, and to betray them into a foolish, not to say wicked, disregard of the decencies of public controversy and of higher-minded action.

(9.) The "new trade unionists" look to Governments and legislation; the "old" look to self-reliance, to mutual help by associative effort. The latter have striven to undo the vicious legislation of the past, to ensure perfect freedom of association;

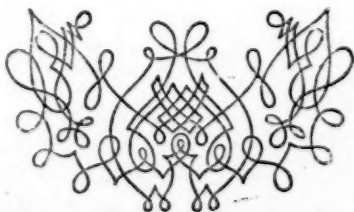
to give to all a fair field and no favour. They have by their efforts repealed the old combination laws, the conspiracy laws, the corresponding Societies Acts, the Masters and Servants Acts and all the old Acts relating to labour, and in this respect they have placed the industrial population of the United Kingdom in the foremost place among the workers of the world. The former seek to go back to the old state of things; they long for the flesh-pots of Egypt, for they rely upon State aid, and upon Acts of Parliaments, upon work provided by the State or municipality, and upon charity in point of fact, only under another name. The "old" leaders sought to develop manhood, self-reliance, and mutual help by association and combination; the "new" would debase workmen to mere labour machines, regulated by law, and only differing from mechanical appliances in not being moved by the "motive power" of steam, water, electricity, or other natural agents. If this be the ideal of manhood, it is a low one, and the human mind will rebel against it.

The foregoing pages show, as far as can be shown in the space of a brief article, the essential difference between the new and the old trade unionism. It would occupy more space than is at command to illustrate the differences by reference to speeches made, articles written, or acts done. One curious divergence might, however, be pointed out. Mr. Ben Tillett asserts, and the facts seem to support his statement, that he alone called into existence the Dockers' Union, and that he never spoke to or saw Mr. John Burns until the 13th of August, 1889, the day of the strike. Mr. John Burns alleges that he attended and addressed meetings of the Dockers, week after week, and organized them long before the strike. He does not even seem to have seen or heard of Mr. Tillett. These two leaders must fight the matter out, and adjust in equal proportions, according to merit, the credit due to each in connection with the Dockers' Union. Their respective claims, as put forward by themselves, are to be found in two articles; one by Mr. John Burns in the *New Review*, No. 5, October 1889, the other by Mr. B. Tillett in the *English Illustrated Magazine* of November 1889, within a month of each other, and when all the facts must have been fresh in their memories, as the strike was hardly over when the articles were written. Only one fact remains to be recorded: the new trade unions are manipulated by men outside the ranks of labour or of the special trade in which they are moving spirits. This is quite a new feature. The old unions were opposed to outsiders

taking part in their organization. Middle-class men could find no admittance into their ranks, nor would their pecuniary help in the union be accepted. The new organizations, however, are led by an academic middle class, who are not content with advising, but seek to participate in the functions of the "new unions." How little these people know of unionism can be easily seen by a glance at their speeches at meetings, conferences, and demonstrations, and their failures in their own circle of society will scarcely warrant their being accepted as the trusted leaders of the masses of the people.

The power of trade unionism depends upon organization, upon funds, upon the capacity and honesty of its leaders, and upon the loyalty and unselfish action of the mass of its members. Which of the two sections, if sections they can be called, will eventually rule, is a matter of speculation and prophecy. Mr. John Burns has prophesied, the writer will not. The public and the unionists must judge as to which is the most worthy, and the most worthy will survive. It is a question of the survival of the fittest, but who the fittest are, and will be, can only be proved by the test of experience, shown by proximate and ultimate results. Another five years will tell the tale, and possibly indicate which party shall rule the unions, if indeed there shall be unions to rule. For the present it is sufficient if we record the facts and deprecate misrepresentation, abuse, calumny, and detraction. The Unions have in them elements of permanency, efficiency, influence, and material power. These, if wisely directed, will carry them through many a storm. Persecution could not kill them; they have fought and won great battles; financial difficulties have been grappled with and overcome; it remains to be seen whether prosperity will be their death-blow and schism the active agent in their ruin.

GEORGE SHIPTON.



A Welcome to Stanley.



How shall we bring the weary traveller home?
 Not with the roll of drum and trumpet's blare
 Nor pomp of indefatigable bells,
 For he has said so many sad farewells ;
 He comes not flushed from war but worn with care,
 He went not forth to conquer but to save ;
 And though from half a world he hath removed
 The cloud of death and darkness, those he loved
 Lie far in some unvisitable grave ;
 Wherefore let England now go forth to meet him
 With hands outstretched, and silent—eye to eye,
 Because the heart is full and tears are by,
 So let our England greet him
 And bring the long lost weary wanderer home.

But let the harp in tender accent ring,
 For he was nursed among the woods and vales
 That never have forgot the bardic days
 Since Kentigern, the exile, to God's praise
 Poured out the psalm upon the hills of Wales.
 And hap'ly, he—the little shepherd, strolled
 By Elgy's * stream that nourished Asa's care
 —His hall of learning and his home of prayer ;
 Who knows how much of those stout hearts of old
 Breathed from the ground, and made the child the man
 Fearless, unflinching, feeling Heaven could bend
 Its purpose to th' inalienable end
 Of resolution's plan,
 Wherefore the harp in tender tone shall ring.

* The river of Elgy, or Elwy, a tributary of the Clwyd, flows by the ruined monastery of St. Asaph, founded by St. Kentigern *circa* 560 A.D. Born near Denbigh, Mr. Stanley was educated at a school in St. Asaph.

Bid East and West go meet him at the shore!
Morn, noon, or night! for he hath mighty friends!
The sun his mate in tropic lands was made,
And for the woe of that weird forest's shade
On him the daystar lovingly attends;
Or, if he come at midnight's silver noon,
His hair as white as Dian's, she will throw
Upon his head the glory of her snow,
The magic of the Mountains of the Moon:
But should he homeward steer when for his rest
The dark falls down above the sunset bars,
Behold for him wide Heaven shall light her stars
A welcome from the West,
So let the nations meet him at the shore.

Lo spirit guests the wanderer homewards bring
Unnumbered, known and visible to God;
Friends dark of skin, with large pathetic eyes,
And faith to follow still to Paradise,
Who died but never disobeyed his nod;
He,* too, the daring soldier left alone
To eat his heart out in enforced delay
Till the Manyema's hand was stretched to slay,
And his adventurous spirit journeyed on;
Nor least the gentle Exile, pale with pain,
For whom Abdullah's son the Mahdi yearned,
Led by a daughter's hand and safe returned,
These come across the Main
Their hero home with gratitude to bring.

And with them stand the mighty travellers dead,
Whether with hope undaunted they set forth
O'er pathless seas or roamed a trackless shore,
Faced the Equator, heard the icebergs roar
And plunge in the inhospitable North;
With high congratulation lo they move
And greet him, they who reached a brother's hand
To those who wandered lost by sea or land,
And brought them solace of their nation's love,

* Major Barttelot.

There too * with Afric writ upon his heart
 The breaker of the yoke from off the slave
 Comes from long rest in yonder Abbey nave
 To bear a welcoming part,
 And stands great ghost among the mighty dead.

Shall they not greet those comrades tried and true,
 Whose hearts were swift as arrows in their will
 And bold as lions for the desperate fray?
 Witness the rout of that momentous day
 When Mazamboni's drums, from hill to hill,
 Sounded for war?—One † wan, and maimed of foot
 Who watched the sick and famished pine and die
 In Ugarrowa's toils and treachery,
 And One ‡ who sought in vain the manioc root
 To save the ten he strove for: One § whose eye
 So nearly saw the Mahdi's spears of flame
 Close round: One || skilled and brave fierce Death to tame:
 One ¶ wounded like to die—
 These England greets, his comrades—tried and true.

Then while the proud harp sounds, let voices praise
 The wonder of a heart whose cords are steel,
 Within whose adamantine casket stored
 'Bides the sure oath that keeps the solemn word,
 A heart of flint that still like man can feel,
 But holds such secret fires within enshrined
 That danger doth but make its darkness light
 With dazzling courage, woe and want's despite
 Seem but the natural fuel of its mind,
 A heart whose judgment like a strong man armed
 Leaps to the gate when others quail and fear,
 Whose eyes thro' all perplexity see clear,
 Whose life is trebly charmed.
 So the heart's wonder let the proud harp praise.

Next may the harper tell in changing tone
 Of all those seven long wanderings in the land,
 Dread night avowed where light shall one day be,
 The fierce Equator known from sea to sea,

* Livingstone.
 † Capt. Nelson.

‡ Mr. Bonny.
 § Mr. Jephson.

|| Dr. Parke.
 ¶ Lieut. Stairs.

Peoples and tongues unnumbered as the sand
That war and waste for ever, slay and burn,
Huge rivers rolling east and rolling west
Vast inland oceans, that white mountain's breast
Whence Nilus gathers strength into his urn,
And those mysterious woods whose teeming womb
Breeds dark perpetual mist of rain, and pours
Atlantic clouds by Aruwimi's shores
Above their weltering tomb—
These let the harp tell forth in changing tone.

Sing sweetly so the wanderer may forget
The weary heartache of the thousand miles,
The thrice re-travelled length of bitter road,
Famine and loss and disappointment's load,
The dwarf's dread arrow-flights, the wild men's wiles,
That river of six nations and seven names
Roaring in twilight underneath its wood,
The cone-shaped huts, the fierce confederate brood
Of savage harpies that no glutting tames,
The foodless interspace of dearth and death,
The maddening fever, ulcerous limbs and feet,
The stupor of despair no hope could cheat
And then the last long breath—
These must the singer make him quite forget.

But most the forest memories all must fade,
The fearsome, fretful, forest, dank and deep,
Whence venomous vapours rise, where rains down-plash,
And scarce the elephant's head avail to crash
Its way thro' coils of tangle, where foes creep
Or stand like ruddy tree-stems, poise the spear
In silence, flash and vanish ; where the ground
Reeks fever, and sharp pitfall barbs abound
If ever for the nonce the track show clear.
Ah who shall tell that forest's pitiless spite,
The mournful booming of the foeman's drum,
The deathlike drowse of morn, the noontide's hum,
The whispers of the night—
Yea let the singer bid such memories fade.

But ring the harp and let it bring to mind,
How war-drums down the river ceased to boom

And sudden sunshine with transfiguring light
Put swift the leaden-wingèd morn to flight
And burst the wood's impenetrable gloom
With splendours unimagined. Then the trees
White-stemmed as ivory pillars rose from earth,
Ten thousand voices mingled in their mirth,
And waving like a banner in the breeze
Rich scarves flew o'er the river, wheeled and burned
In rainbow lines ; while multi-coloured droves
Of butterflies toyed up and told their loves
And Paradise returned ;
Let the harp ring and bring these things to mind.

Nor shall the harper cease till he have told
How when six moons had faded, scarcely seen
For that malignant woody veil which made
Day night, and night a deeper, deadlier shade,
There rose a shout, and sunlight's marvellous sheen
Lay on the mounded hills, and on the plain
Where grass was large, and Mazamboni, king,
And how the famished on the flocks did fling,
And slew and ate, so strength was born again,
Yea, and with strength, unconquerable zeal
To follow on thro' sunlight, and thro' storm
Of spear and arrow, him of god-like form
Who thus could sorrow heal.
Let not the harper cease till this be told.

Next while the song grows, gladdening all who hear,
Bid one December morn the joy recall,
When they who clomb victorious slope by slope
Saw from their " Pisgah," hope beyond all hope,
Nyanza laid along Unyoro's wall,
And like a serpent coiling far below
Semliki with the sunlight on its breast,
While southward far with glory to the crest
Rose Ruwenzori's ridges swathed in snow.
Then let the harper with triumphant song
Sing of that hour supreme the saviour stood
Above Nyanza's shallowy silver flood
With him, he sought so long.
So may the harp sound gladdening all who hear.

Strike the loud harp ! and louder sing the lay !
Sing of the traveller's joy that swallowed pain,
Scatter the glow as wide as Nilus pours
Through those twin sister Lakes the fruitful stores
Of Afric's heart to mingle with the main,
For never soul did gladlier see the dawn
Nor eyes with greater joyance scale the heights
Than his, who saw the rosy morning lights
Flash up the terraced slopes and forest lawn
And fill the Heavens as with a magic boon
Of some enchanted world's inconstant grace
That came like cloud, from azure depths of space,
Dissolved to cloud as soon.
Strike the loud harp ! and loudly ring the lay.

Here shall the singer change awhile his song
To tell of sorrow, and the Leader led
Half way adown the hill whence none return :
The anxious watching for the fires to burn,
To coldness in the brain, and bring the dead
Back to the living, all an April moon,
The faithful love that o'er the sick man bent,
The faithless lust whose murderous intent
Brought judgment at the breaking of the swoon.
Thence homeward thro' Ukanju's constant spring
And Usangora's tawny land of drouth
Beyond the waters gleaming in the south,
The Salt Lake's crystal ring—
These let the singer tell in changing song.

Louder and yet more loud the song may swell,
For every dawn is nearer now to Joy,
The sound of that familiar happy voice
Sound of the sun-bright surges that rejoice
Along the palm-girt beach of Bagamoy,
And joy for that unutterable spell,
Born of the wilderness, the call to prayer,
When old sweet memories throb and all our care
Fades at the sovran bidding of a bell,
When all the clouds of sorrow ever come

Between the wanderer and his promised land
Melt at the grasp of some warm-hearted hand
That gives a welcome home.
Loud sweep the harp, let such song loudest swell.

Last let the harper sing in solemn tone
Unseen but felt the Guardian Spirit's Hand
That gently led, that firm impelled him on
Till all the ways of safety had been won
From dawn to brightening dawn ; the while his band
Drave the dark hordes in half a hundred fights
Along Semliki's Vale of silver shine,
Out-faced with brave but daily minished line
Fierce heats and withering cold upon the heights :
The Hand that brooked no bitterness of delay,
That brought the Exile from the snares and wile
Of king and caitiffs, from the fount of Nile,
And traitorous Wadelai ;
So shall the harper sing in solemn tone.

Then while the song has solemnized the soul
Bid the great congregation on the shore
Lift up their hands and voices in accord
To thank the great Deliverer, even the Lord
Whose wings are stretched in mercy as of yore
To guide the weary wanderer on his way,
Whose wisdom still miraculously feeds,
Sustains and guides, to light through darkness leads
And for the night of anguish gives the day ;
But most for those far purposes divine
Of peace to all the warrior tribes that sit
In pain and iron until Love's lamp be lit
And God's true Mahdi shine.
That solemn sound shall sink into our soul.

But ah how changed the hero steps to land !
Is this the man beside yon Abbey grave,*
The strong stern man a moment woman-weak,
Who dashed the tear of friendship from his cheek
When the great hymn went rolling down the nave ?

* At Livingstone's funeral.

Not this the man I met in that weird place,*
Where Egypt keeps her gods beside the Nile,
Who smiled back Sheik El Beled's sturdy smile
And stared the royal Raamses in the face.
This is not he whom England used to know
Or he has searched the very heart of Care,
He went forth strong, with silver in his hair,
He comes as white as snow,
Changed but unchanged, the hero steps to land.

Therefore we bring the weary traveller home
Not with the roll of drum and trumpet's blare
Nor pomp of indefatigable bells,
For he has said so many sad farewells;
He comes not flushed from war but worn with care,
He went not forth to conquer but to save;
And though from half a world he hath removed
The cloud of death and darkness, those he loved
Lie far in some unvisitable grave.
Wherefore our England now goes forth to meet him
With hands outstretched, and silent—eye to eye,
Because her heart is full and tears are by,
So does our England greet him.
And brings the long lost weary wanderer home.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

* In the Bulâk Museum. When passing through Cairo for the Emin Pasha expedition, Mr. H. M. Stanley paid a flying visit to the Bulâk Museum; the writer had the privilege of meeting him there on that occasion.



Marcia.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

WILLIE IS TOLD HOW HE STANDS.

IF there is one thing that women enjoy more than another, it is making a man who loves them thoroughly angry and unhappy. Perhaps, therefore, the exhilaration which Marcia felt while she and her son were being drawn up the zigzags of the St. Gothard Pass in a travelling carriage was not to be accounted for wholly and solely by the causes to which she was pleased to ascribe it, and it may be assumed that she was both sincere and mendacious when she exclaimed, "What a blessing it is to have shaken off those outsiders! Now our holidays will begin again."

Willie concurred in the sentiment without being fully persuaded of its genuineness. For some time after he and his mother had once more established themselves at a high level above the sea he scrutinised the daily arrivals with apprehension; but his fears were not justified by events, and if Marcia entertained some unacknowledged hopes, these also remained unfulfilled. After all, she did not much care. Her friend was probably affronted, but he would recover himself in due season, and for the time being Willie had certainly a prior claim upon her. Archdale was his own master, and could see her whenever it might suit him to seek her out; but her poor boy had, for the present, many masters, one of whom kept a school which reassembled early in September. So she placed herself unreservedly at Willie's disposition, and visited all the places which he expressed a wish to visit, though some of these were not very comfortable, and they were quite happy together until the shadow of the inevitable parting began to fall upon them. Geneva, which had been the scene of their reunion, was

also that of their severance. They kept up their spirits as well as they could until the last evening, when Marcia's tears were no longer to be restrained.

"Oh, how dreadful it all is!" she exclaimed. "If I were going to see you again at Christmas I shouldn't mind half so much; but my turn won't come round until Easter, and the Easter holidays are so short!"

The boy looked down, not trusting himself to speak. He was of an age at which the male creature of northern blood is supposed to have given up crying for ever; yet he could not look forward into the future without sensations which brought him within perilous distance of disgracing his incipient manhood. At length, however, he regained self-command enough to ask: "Won't you come home any more then, mother?"

"Don't call me 'mother'!" exclaimed Marcia. "You have taken to it lately, and I don't like it. Let me be 'Mummy' still when we are alone, and when no one can hear us or laugh at us for being childish. No, dear; England isn't home to me now, and perhaps it never will be again. Florence is more my home than any other place; but no place can be really home without you. It would break my heart if I thought you looked upon your father's house as your home."

As far as that danger went, her heart was likely to remain whole, and so Willie assured her. He had not yet seen his father's house, nor had he the slightest wish to make acquaintance with it. He would prefer spending his holidays at Blaydon, he said, unsatisfactory though Blaydon was as a holiday resort. It had, however, been arranged that he should pass a night in Keppel Street on his way back to school, and Marcia, when she put him into the train, could not refrain from giving him a word of caution, between her sobs, which was perhaps superfluous.

"You need not say anything to your father about our having met Mr. Archdale and Mr. Drake," she said. "I don't think he likes them very much."

Willie nodded. He thought it fair to add on his own score, "Mr. Drake isn't such a bad sort, you know."

Thus Marcia was moved to laughter as well as tears, and the last impression of her which her son carried away when the train moved out of the station was that of a lovely woman whose emotions were no more under her control than those of a child, and for whom his love was rapidly becoming akin to that

which is the prerogative of childhood. Willie was a boy like other boys, and his master did not consider him at all precocious; yet he was able to take his mother's measure with tolerable accuracy. She might do things which are not generally esteemed to be quite right, he thought; but she would never do wrong intentionally, and though the whole world should unite in condemning her, he at least would always be upon her side. And, indeed, he never swerved from that resolution, notwithstanding the trials to which it was subjected in after years.

At intervals during the long journey he rehearsed the conversation which he might expect to have with his father, and made up his mind as to what he would say and what he would leave unsaid. Amongst other things, he intended to mention that, in his opinion, his mother required somebody to take care of her. Suppose she were to fall ill all alone there in Italy? Or suppose some ruffianly foreigners should have the audacity to insult her? Eventually he himself would be in a position to afford her the protection of which she stood in need; but for the present somebody surely ought to replace him. The poor little man really thought that these sage suggestions might pave the way for a possible reconciliation.

But when he reached Charing Cross his eyes searched the platform in vain for the tall, stooping figure which he had expected to descry there. Instead of it, he presently became aware of the ponderous form of Sir George Brett; and Sir George, who was clad in black from hat to boots, looked strangely solemn. He said, in a subdued voice very unlike that in which he was wont to address the world at large:

"Come away with me, my boy; the servants will see to your luggage. You are to sleep at my house to-night."

Willie was frightened, without quite knowing why. He glanced interrogatively at his uncle, who, however, avoided meeting his eyes, and vouchsafed no further explanation until they had seated themselves in the brougham which was waiting for them. Sir George did not half like the task which had been delegated to him by his wife; but, to do him justice, he never shirked unpleasant duties, and he set to work upon this one with such delicacy as Heaven had granted him. After clearing his voice and blowing his nose noisily, he began:

"My boy, I have bad news for you. Your poor father has not been himself for some weeks past; latterly your aunt and

I have become uneasy about him, and now our worst fears have been—well, yes ; I may say that they have been more than verified by events.”

“Is he dead?” asked Willie in an awe-struck voice.

“Yes, my boy, he is dead,” answered Sir George, looking away and repressing a strong inclination to stop the carriage and jump out. “If the question is put to me point-blank, what other answer can I make? I can’t tell a direct falsehood about it, you know.”

This expostulation was perhaps addressed rather to the absent Caroline than to his interlocutor, who received the startling intelligence with a composure which Sir George was not quite sure whether to admire or to be shocked at. It was a comfort that the boy did not stuff his fists into his eyes and howl ; but at the same time some display of filial affection and sorrow would have been appropriate. As a matter of fact, Willie had never been able to feel much love for his stern, reticent father ; but in any case there would not have been room in his mind at that first moment for other emotions than amazement and incredulity. After he had been briefly informed of the accident which had occurred, and after he had confused his uncle a little by inquiring what connection there was between that accident and his father’s state of health, his thoughts naturally turned to his mother, and he asked whether she knew what had happened.

“She knows by this time,” Sir George replied. “I telegraphed to her as soon as I could get her address, which, however, I was not able to obtain immediately. I have as yet received no reply. Decency,” added Sir George, “compelled me to telegraph ; but—er—I scarcely anticipate that she will think it necessary to return to this country.”

Willie abstained from further questions. Had he shown more curiosity, he probably would not have heard that his uncle and aunt differed from the coroner’s jury, because Sir George was both a prudent man and in some respects a merciful one ; but certainly no effort would have been made to conceal from him the low esteem in which his mother was held by the relatives of her late husband. Perhaps he guessed as much, and for that reason kept silence.

Sir George’s gloomy town-house looked gloomier than usual ; for the blinds were drawn down, and the furniture was swathed in brown holland, and the stair-carpets had been taken up.

“We shall go down to Blaydon to-morrow afternoon,” Sir

George said. "Your aunt has not accompanied me to London ; she has of course been greatly upset by this terrible business, and it would not have been safe for her to incur the fatigue of the journey. But she begged me to give you her love and to say that she hopes to keep you with her until—until a proper interval has elapsed and you can return to school."

Dinner, for which Willie had very little appetite, was served with due solemnity in the vast, dimly lighted dining-room. In the course of the meal it transpired that Mr. Brett's funeral was to take place on the morrow ; also that a telegram had arrived from Geneva.

"As I supposed," observed Sir George, "your mother does not intend coming to England. And I am bound to say that I do not see what good purpose could have been served by her doing so."

"Of course she couldn't have been here in time," said Willie, feeling that he ought to stand up for his mother, who, it seemed, was being accused of a callousness which was only to be expected of her.

"In time for the funeral, you mean? Well, no ; nor perhaps, under the circumstances, would it have been desirable for her to attend, even if she had been able to do so. I am glad, however, that it is in your power to pay that last tribute of respect to your father's memory."

The late police-magistrate had been a man to whom tributes of respect were doubtless due, and many people must have thought so, for his coffin was followed to the grave by a long string of legal celebrities. None of these gentlemen would have described themselves as his friends ; but they had been well acquainted with him, they had held a high opinion of his professional ability and personal integrity, and as most of them had outstripped him in the race for success, they had no reason to speak of him in other than flattering terms. Not even the presence of so large and honourable a concourse, however, could prevent the obsequies, which were solemnised in wind and driving rain, from being mournful and forlorn in the extreme. A solitary wreath, sent up from Blaydon by Lady Brett, reposed upon the coffin ; but nobody else had happened to remember a custom which has now become universal, nor did any tears fall into the dead man's grave. Willie, who was made to walk alone as chief mourner, looked pale and a little scared, but did all that he was told to do, and was patted encouragingly on the

shoulder by sundry elderly gentlemen, who probably wished him to understand that they sympathised with him, although they had not any appropriate remarks at command. The boy's mind was busy (as the minds of boys mostly are) with reflections and speculations which would have caused great astonishment to his unimaginative uncle, had he given utterance to them; but he held his peace, and when the melancholy ceremony was at an end, Sir George, with a sigh of relief, put him into the brougham which was in attendance, saying:

"Now we'll drive straight to the station; the express will get us home in plenty of time for dinner." He added, in what he intended to be kindly accents, "Blaydon will be your home now, you know, Willie."

That this was no mere figure of speech was explained to him later in the day by his aunt, who said, "It was your poor dear father's wish that we should treat you as our own child, and I hope you know that his wishes will always be sacred to us. You must try to be a good boy and grow up into a good man, as he was. Then you will understand, although you may not understand it yet, that Providence overrules all things for the best."

Willie quite intended to be as good as the frailty of human nature would permit him to be, and was not concerned to dispute the beneficent wisdom of Providence. At the same time he felt no great inclination to regard Blaydon as his home or his uncle and aunt as his parents; besides which, he remembered what others appeared to have forgotten, that one of his natural parents was still living. "I shall sometimes go to Mamma in the holidays, sha'n't I?" he asked.

Lady Brett sighed and made the sort of answer which Her Majesty's Ministers usually make when inconvenient questions are put to them.

"Your uncle will do what is right and what is for your good," she replied. "It is time to dress for dinner now."

Now, was it right and was it for Willie's good that he should be allowed to see anything at all of the wicked woman who, for his misfortune, was his mother? Lady Brett was decidedly of opinion that it was neither the one nor the other, and she expressed herself in unequivocal terms to that effect during a conjugal conference which was held the next morning after the post had come in. The post had brought Sir George a letter from Marcia to which exception could not very well be taken.

Marcia, who evidently wrote under the influence of strong emotion, said she was quite aware that she had not been a good wife. She did not expect her husband's relations to absolve her or think kindly of her ; she only begged them to believe that she had been grieved as well as shocked by the news of his tragic death, and that if it had been possible for her to foresee how near his end was, she would never have left him.

"In other words," was Lady Brett's comment upon this confession, "she is sorry to have made an unnecessary scandal now that she has obtained her release. You need not trouble yourself to defend her, George ; nobody denies that she is pretty, and nobody doubts that a pretty woman will be pardoned by any man, however advanced in years he may be."

"My dear Caroline," returned Sir George with some asperity, "Marcia's beauty has no more to do with the matter than my age. The question which I have to consider is whether her conduct, so far, has been such as to justify my forbidding all communication between her and her child."

"Her conduct, so far, has been almost as bad as it could have been ; but I daresay it will be worse before long. I know for a fact that that man Archdale followed her to Italy, and I believe that they have since met in Switzerland. I suppose she will marry him now, if he will consent to marry her. I am not, I hope, uncharitable, but it is our duty as Christians to discharge the task which has been intrusted to us in a Christian manner, and how can we hope to do so if our efforts are to be perpetually undermined by the influence of such a woman as that ? I certainly understood from what you told me, George, that poor Eustace wished the boy to be removed from his mother's reach, and that you yourself only consented to act as his guardian upon the condition that you were to have undisputed control over him."

Sir George scratched his ear and answered, "Yes, yes ; but it isn't such a simple affair as you think. You and I may have our own opinion of Marcia ; you and I may be convinced that she is morally responsible for Eustace's death ; but we can't prove anything of the sort, and although perhaps I have a legal right to separate her from the boy against her will, the fact remains that I shall most likely get into a deuce of—that is, into a very disagreeable row by insisting upon my right. I should be more inclined to wait a bit and see how things go. It is not improbable that she may cut the knot of the difficulty of her own accord before long."

"By marrying that artist, you mean?"

"Exactly so. The artist, we may assume, will not be anxious to be saddled with a stepson, and I should think that Marcia will not be such a fool as to ruin the lad's prospects. She will have to choose between providing for him and letting me provide for him, you see."

"In that case," observed Lady Brett musingly, "I have no doubt that she will be selfish enough to give him up."

People's ideas of what constitutes selfishness and unselfishness are apt to differ; but it was, at all events, certain that no credit for virtue of any kind would be allowed by Caroline to her sister-in-law, and Sir George was glad to avoid further discussion. He wanted an heir and had resolved that Willie should be his heir; but he did not want to have more fuss about it than could be helped. He took an early opportunity of saying to Willie—not unkindly, yet with a certain dryness of manner which he always used instinctively in treating of business affairs:

"It is right and proper that you should know how you stand. Your father has nominated me as your sole guardian. That is to say that until you reach the age of one-and-twenty I shall manage your small property for you and you will be entirely subject to me. You will not, I think, find me tyrannical. I shall endeavour to do my duty, and I hope that you will endeavour to do yours."

Willie did not reply; but as his demeanour plainly showed that he had some observation to make, his uncle said, encouragingly, "Well, speak out, my boy; what is it?"

"I would rather not be subject to anybody except my mother," answered Willie, looking down.

"Quite natural," returned Sir George, with generous toleration; "but you must remember this: it was your father's decision, not mine, that you should be taken away from your mother, and that your home should be with us. He had reasons for so deciding which you are not yet old enough to understand, but which will be explained to you later if you wish it. Personally, I may say that I think them sound reasons."

Willie was quite old enough to understand them. What he did not understand, and what he was chiefly anxious to find out, was the extent to which he was bound by his father's decision. "Shan't I be allowed to go to my mother when she wants me?" he asked, a little tremulously.

"I am not prepared to say that," answered Sir George; "I must be guided by circumstances. Anything that I can conscientiously do to gratify you I will do; but you now know what your position is, and your best plan, believe me, is to accept it without murmuring."

Willie abstained from murmurs; but as for accepting his position, that he felt could only be done subject to certain mental reservations which it seemed inexpedient to state. "He will give no trouble," thought Sir George, with inward satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXII.

MARCIA YIELDS.

A woman who has found it impossible to live with her husband may be shocked, but can hardly be grieved, by the intelligence that she has become a widow, and Marcia Brett, if she had been in any way logical or consistent, must have rejoiced in the recovery of her liberty, while deploring the melancholy event which had been the means of restoring it to her. Consistency, however, was not a salient feature in her character; so that she shed a good many tears over the death of the man whose name she bore and whom she accused herself of having treated somewhat harshly and ungratefully. Eustace had been exceptionally provoking, there was no denying that; yet she supposed that, after his fashion and within the limits of his capabilities, he had been attached to her. Now that he was dead and gone, it was not very difficult to see his side of the case, or to admit that if he had been an unsatisfactory husband, he had also had an unsatisfactory wife. "If I had only been patient enough to bear with him a little longer!" Marcia exclaimed again and again with genuine contrition.

But it must be confessed that this penitent mood did not survive the blow inflicted upon it by a business-like letter from Sir George Brett, in which the testamentary provisions of his late brother were distinctly set forth. That these included no provision for herself did not make Marcia angry; she had her own fortune and had not expected it to be increased. But she was very indignant, and perhaps very pardonably so, at the custody of her only child being denied to her, and it was in no measured terms that she wrote to protest against so monstrous

an arrangement. Sir George, who was anxious to keep the peace, pointed out in a formal but not discourteous reply that he was bound to obey his brother's instructions. Whether those instructions were wise or the reverse it was not for him to say ; he would only mention that he was not prepared to set them aside. Perhaps he might take the liberty of adding that, in his opinion, Mrs. Brett would be ill-advised were she to provoke a conflict which could not but end in her discomfiture.

Thus was initiated a correspondence which was briskly sustained during many weeks, although there was little save reiteration on both sides to keep it alive. Reiteration, however, often succeeds where argument would be of no avail, and by the time that Marcia had once more settled herself in Florence for the winter, she was beginning to admit what she had not been at all disposed to admit at the outset, that Sir George was a formidable antagonist. Apparently he had the law on his side. That, of course, only showed how brutal and unjust the law is apt to be ; still, its brutality and injustice cannot be amended in any given case without an Act of Parliament. Then again there was the prospect at which this wealthy banker had more than once hinted, that his ward would in all probability be his heir. Personally, Marcia set little store by wealth ; but she had seen too much of the power of money to despise it, and she naturally hesitated to deprive Willie of the very best substitute for happiness that has ever been discovered. And after all, she reflected, a boy is not like a girl ; the fondest of parents cannot keep him always under their wing : perhaps it does not so very much signify whether this house or that is called their home, since in reality the greater part of their lives must be spent elsewhere. So at length she yielded a sort of dubious assent to the decree which, as she was given to understand, was unalterable, merely stipulating that she should retain the right of seeing or sending for her son as often as he should be free to obey her summons. Sir George, perceiving that victory was now within his grasp, civilly declined to make any such concession. "You must surely be aware," he wrote, "that I should fail in my duty were I to comply with your demand. I can say no more to you than I have already said to the boy himself ; namely, that I must be guided by circumstances. So far as it may be in my power to oblige you, I shall be glad to do so ; but I can make no bargain, nor can I relinquish in any degree the authority which has been conferred upon me."

It was on a sultry autumn evening that Marcia wandered out to the Cascine with this discouraging missive in her pocket. So far as she was concerned, Florence was at this time a desert; for she had made very few Italian acquaintances, and the English visitors, who to her represented the society of the place, had not yet put in an appearance. She sat down on a bench beneath the trees and gazed at the yellow Arno, and felt utterly lonely and miserable. At no previous period of her life had she been deprived of the solace of sympathy; there had always been somebody to whom she had been able to confide at least a part of her troubles and grievances; there had always been plenty of people willing and eager to console her when she had been out of spirits. But now, through no fault of her own, she seemed all of a sudden to have become an outcast. Willie was drifting away from her; he would drift farther and farther away as the years went on—that was an inevitable process which she could not retard nor his uncle accelerate; the friends of bygone days had evidently forgotten her; even Laura Wetherby wrote in a stiff, formal fashion which indicated disapproval. "Though what she can find to disapprove of in me now I'm sure I don't know," thought Marcia. And of course it was not strange that, at such a moment of dejection, her thoughts should revert to the man whom she loved and whom it was no longer an offence against any law, human or divine, to love. The strange thing was that she had thought so little and so seldom of him since her husband's death. Possibly she cared more for Willie than she did for him—the point was one on which she had never felt quite positive—but, at all events, her anxiety about Willie had hitherto driven him out of her mind, and only now, when she was gradually familiarising herself with the idea that her life must henceforth be divided from Willie's, did she begin to wonder at Archdale's prolonged silence.

"He might have written," she mused. "But perhaps he didn't know where to write."

Then suddenly there flashed across her a suspicion which caused her heart-strings to contract painfully. Flirting with a married woman is generally considered to be a dangerous sort of amusement; but do not most men affirm that a flirtation with a widow is more dangerous still? Archdale, it was true, had once told her that he loved her, and although he had never repeated the declaration with his tongue, he had repeated it

many and many a time with his eyes. Nevertheless, she knew that no word in the English language is more frequently misused than "love," and a hot flush overspread her cheeks as she recalled the mixture of prudence and audacity which had always characterised Archdale's relations with her. The most humiliating thought of all was that she had not contrived to keep her own secret. Evidently he had taken fright, and evidently she had only herself to blame for his alarm. "Oh, if he would but come here!" she ejaculated inwardly. "If he would but give me the chance of convincing him that I am not quite so easily won as he imagined!"

Her aspiration was gratified with dramatic promptitude; for the very next instant somebody, who had approached noiselessly across the grass, placed his hands upon the back of the bench and exclaimed: "At last I have found you, then! I knew it must be you, though I never saw you wearing an ugly bonnet before."

Marcia was too much taken by surprise to preserve her dignity, and before she could stop herself she had told Mr. Archdale how glad she was that her solitude had been broken in upon by the unexpected advent of a friend. "I don't know why you call my bonnet ugly, though," she added: "it is of the shape that everybody is wearing now."

"It is ugly because it is black," answered Archdale, seating himself beside her. "You are right, I suppose, to display the conventional signs of mourning; but I know they can't imply any real grief, and I hope you will soon lay them aside."

Marcia was honestly shocked by the flagrant bad taste of this speech. "I don't think you quite understand," she answered. "Of course my husband and I were not upon good terms; but it does not follow that I am quite such a wretch as to rejoice at his death."

"Well," said Archdale imperturbably, "I daresay you are kind-hearted enough to be sorry. I admire you for it, though I really can't pretend to share your sentiments. We have all got to die some time or other, and, for my part, I am sincerely glad that Mr. Brett's time has come. You will admit that he treated you abominably."

Well, Marcia was certainly of that opinion; but she abstained from expressing it. By way of changing the subject, she inquired what had brought Mr. Archdale to Florence, and was gratified to learn that for some weeks past he had been seeking her high and low.

"I had no means of finding out where you were," he said; "it was only as a sort of forlorn hope that I decided to push on here. You may imagine how delighted I was when I called at your old address and was told that you had returned. You haven't been home since I saw you, I suppose?"

"I have no home," answered Marcia sadly. "One thinks of England as home; but I don't know whether it will ever be home to me again. Everything has been taken from me—even my own boy——"

She was very nearly bursting into tears at this point; but she controlled herself, and presently narrated the story of her wrongs, to which her companion listened patiently, though without much apparent sympathy.

"I am afraid you will call me hard-hearted," he observed at length; "but I must confess that I see very little reason to regret an arrangement which will make your son a rich man some fine day. As for their forbidding you to see him, that's all nonsense; they will have to let you see him if you insist upon it. But, for the boy's own sake, I shouldn't advise you to insist too often, and I should try to keep upon good terms with the banker. I quite understand that this is rather a wrench for you; only——"

"Oh, no, you don't understand!" interrupted Marcia impatiently; "you can't understand, and it was absurd of me to fancy that you could. I am sure you would be very sorry for me if I told you that I had been robbed of a few thousand pounds; but when you hear that I have lost all I care for in this world you almost congratulate me!"

Archdale looked hurt. Very likely he felt so; for in truth she had managed to wound his vanity, which was, perhaps, his most vulnerable point. "Oh, if that brat—that boy, I mean—is all you care for in the world," said he, "you are very much to be pitied, no doubt. But I didn't know that he was; I hoped you had some slight feeling of regard for your friends."

"My friends," answered Marcia, recovering her equanimity when she perceived how greatly she had vexed one of them, "haven't gone out of their way to display any great regard for me; my friends only remember my existence when it suits them to do so."

"I assure you that Florence is very far out of my way. At this moment three influential patrons of mine are cursing me by their gods because I have failed to keep the engagements which

I have entered into with them. I think you know that I can no more forget your existence than I can forget my own ; so I need not reply to that charge."

"Well, if you like, I will admit that you are the solitary exception which proves the rule. All my other friends have deserted me."

"I don't care a brass farthing about all the others," Mr. Archdale declared.

"But perhaps I do," observed Marcia, smiling.

"You said just now that you didn't. Mrs. Brett, do you remember what I said to you that evening in the Regent's Park?"

Marcia rose hastily. "Yes," she answered, "I remember. One doesn't forget such things ; but one doesn't always wish to be reminded of them. I must say good-night now ; I didn't know how late it was."

"May I not see you home?"

"No, thank you ; I would rather drive. Perhaps, if you would be so kind, you would walk on and find a carriage for me. I will follow you slowly."

He did as he was requested, and having obtained permission to call upon her, let her depart without finishing the speech which he had begun. He was in no great hurry ; he had made up his mind that he would ask her to marry him, and he did not think that he was in much danger of being rejected. As he sauntered back towards his hotel, he took credit to himself for having behaved in a thoroughly straightforward and honourable manner. To be sure, he was desperately in love with Marcia ; still one does not always go so far as to marry the people with whom one is desperately in love, nor, when one does so, can one always hope to escape the ridicule of one's associates. However in this instance there was, happily, nothing that could provoke a sneer from the most cynical of lookers-on. To marry a beautiful widow with £1500 a year of her own is scarcely to make a fool of oneself.

Never since the world began has a man who was desperately in love troubled himself to ask whether his neighbours considered him a fool or not ; so that it may be taken for granted that Archdale's love for Marcia Brett was not of a desperate description. He loved her, however, as much as his nature would permit him to love anybody, and, as the old nursery rhyme so truly says, "Don Ferdinando can't do more than he

can do." Perhaps this selfish, easy-going artist had in him the makings of an excellent average husband, although he was probably better adapted to excel in the capacity of a lover.

But if he was a trifle too cool and self-possessed at this critical moment of his life, the same accusation could not be brought against Marcia, who was driven homewards in a state of tumultuous mental disturbance. She could not feel satisfied with herself; for she had by no means done what she had intended to do. So far from having snubbed the man whom she loved, she had as good as told him that his declaration was only premature. Of course he would repeat it; and when he did so, it would be impossible to disguise the truth from him. She did not exactly want to disguise it from him; yet she was keenly alive to the fact that so prompt a surrender would give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. It was easy to foretell what Caroline's comments would be and how greatly Sir George's case would be strengthened by the news that his ward was about to be saddled with a step-father. And so the struggle, in so far as there was any struggle, seemed to narrow itself into one between Archdale and Willie. She could not bear to give up either of them; but at the bottom of her heart she knew that she would be obliged to give up one or the other.

She had arrived at no decision, and was in that fatal attitude of awaiting events which renders those who assume it so completely at the mercy of the first person who knows how to create events, when Archdale came to see her on the following day. So helpless was she that she had capitulated before his first attack was made, and her feeble efforts to prevent him from saying what he had resolved to say were as ineffectual as might have been anticipated.

"Of course I care for you," she confessed, half laughing, half crying. "I suppose you have known that all along, and I daresay you despise me for it. Oh, I know what men are; you only value the things that you can't have. If I had any sense at all I should tell you to go away. Besides, I can't help feeling that it is horrid of me to listen to you so soon."

Archdale professed himself quite unable to share that feeling of compunction. She had done her duty and more than her duty. She had lived with that detestable old man until he had virtually driven her out of his house; she had never, during his lifetime, overstepped the limits of strict propriety; and now that

she was free, nobody whose opinion was worth having could dispute her right to follow the dictates of her heart. As to her unflattering estimate of mankind at large, all he could say was that, if it was accurate, he must differ very widely from his fellows. It was no hard task to persuade her that he respected as much as he loved her; but he had a good deal of resistance to contend against when he pleaded for an immediate marriage.

"I couldn't do it!" Marcia exclaimed. "I should like to wait at least a year, and I should like our engagement to be kept quite secret. It isn't only that I am afraid of Mrs. Grundy, though I don't pretend to be indifferent with regard to Mrs. Grundy; but if I were to do as you wish, that would simply mean cutting myself off from Willie altogether. These people are only too eager to find some excuse for separating us. They haven't got one now; but they will have one as soon as they are able to say that I have married a second time within three months of Eustace's death. Women who do such things are always called horrid women, and I am not sure that they don't deserve it."

Now Archdale was by no means blind to the importance of standing well with Mrs. Grundy; but as for this threatened separation of mother and son, he really could not regard that in the light of a calamity. So he said: "If you love me as much as I love you, Marcia, you won't trouble your head about the scandal-mongers. Whether you marry me now or whether you stay on here by yourself, people who have any interest in traducing you will manage to traduce you: you may be perfectly certain of that. You can't expect me to accept a sentence of a year's banishment from you, and nothing else would be of the slightest use. It is far better to give people something definite to talk about; the worst that they can say of you is that you haven't taken Mr. Brett's death very much to heart. Well, as they already knew that you were not on speaking terms with him, they can't very well magnify that into a crime."

By means of these and other arguments he carried his point in the end. Or else he carried it because he had to deal with an opponent to whom one argument was neither better nor worse than another. Marcia could not at that time have refused him anything that he begged for: added to which, she had quite realized when she accepted him that in so doing she was handing Willie over to Sir George and Lady Brett. She had taken the

plunge ; she had made the sacrifice ; her chief desire now was to avoid thinking about it.

Nevertheless, she did not enjoy writing a letter which had to be despatched to Farnborough a few days later, and of which some passages were rendered almost illegible by reason of sundry suspicious blots and splashes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WILLIE HEARS TOO MUCH.

As one hurries along the road of life towards the graveyard which is our common goal, one pauses every now and again to cast a backward glance over one's shoulder at the dim landscape of the past. It is a queer, confused sort of view that one obtains at such times ; near objects look remote ; distant ones stand out with unnatural clearness ; not a few which ought to be visible have vanished altogether. But certain landmarks there always are (they belong for the most part to the first stage of the journey), of which every detail remains distinct up to the very end, and amongst these Willie Brett will never fail to count the arrival of that letter from Florence of which mention was made in the last chapter.

It was a misty November afternoon ; he had been playing football and was changing his muddy flannels in a room set apart for that purpose. One of the boys flung a wet towel at him which, by a sad mischance, missed its aim and, catching the matron full in the face, wound itself round her head, so that for an instant or two her just indignation could only find vent in muffled sounds of which the meaning had to be conjectured. But when once her mouth was free she spoke, and her remarks were very much to the point. She was going, it appeared, to complain straightway of Master Brown for his ungentlemanly behaviour : "And has for you, Master Brett, I don't believe but what you're just as bad as the rest of 'em. Settir' gigglin' there like a common ploughboy ! You ought to know better—and you so 'igh up in the school too ! Oh, there's a furrin letter come for you, Master Brett," she added, fumbling in her pocket. "'Ere, catch 'old of it ; and next time you write to your mar you can tell her that your manners isn't what they should be ; though the Lord knows I've taken trouble enough with you !"

Willie did not tear open the envelope at once, but presently carried it off to the schoolroom and, seating himself at the desk which was his property for the time being, threw up the heavy wooden lid, which he propped upon his head—that being the nearest approach to privacy obtainable in the establishment. It was always understood that a boy who assumed this posture was occupied with urgent private affairs and did not wish to be interrupted. Well, it was a very lucky thing that the school-room happened to be empty at that hour ; for when he had finished reading what his mother had to tell him, Willie quite forgot his advanced age, and the sheet of paper which had already been besprinkled by the tears of a still older person received two more great drops. And although, perhaps, it was not very manly of him to cry, nobody will be inclined to deny that he had something to cry about. He was not much surprised that his mother should be going to marry a man for whom he personally entertained no sentiments of affection ; but he was a good deal surprised and not a little shocked to hear that the marriage was to take place so soon. Like St. Paul, he doubted the expediency of second marriages in the abstract, and he had always supposed that people who had decided upon that questionable step waited at least until they were out of mourning before taking it. Of course, however, it was not so much the unconvictionality of the proceeding that distressed him as the conviction that, in forming this new tie, his mother had made up her mind to cast him off. The whole tone of her letter, which was apologetic and abounded in expressions of love and regret, showed that she recognized that as a necessity. She did not speak of seeing him during his holidays ; she did not seem to look forward to any prospect of doing so ; she even affected to believe that he would be happier in an English country-house than she could have hoped to make him while wandering about the Continent. “Only,” she added, “I hope you will think of me sometimes ; for you may be sure that I shall always be thinking of you.”

The boy was hurt and disappointed, as well he might be. He had not inherited his mother's jealous temperament, nor did he expect her to live solely for him ; yet it was painful to him to know that he no longer held the first place in her heart, and scarcely less painful to read her abdication in favour of his uncle and aunt, whom he was enjoined to treat with submission and respect. “And you must not mind what they say about

me," Marcia had judged it prudent to write; "because they are sure to be angry with me at first. They will come round in time, I daresay."

If they were angry, they refrained from expressing their emotions by post. About a week later Willie received one of the dry, carefully-worded epistles which his aunt was in the habit of addressing to him from time to time, and in the course of it occurred the following brief passage.

"News has reached us of your mother's marriage to Mr. Archdale. I understand that she informed you of her intentions. I hope, my dear Willie, that, young as you are, you know how certain it is that Providence overrules *all things* for our good, and that you will not, therefore, rebel against what may at first sight look to you like a misfortune."

That was the only intimation that he had of the fulfilment of his mother's intentions. She did not write to him again, nor did he know whether she had left Florence or not. Weeks passed away; he had his own methodical round of work and play to occupy him; if he placed no great reliance upon the intervention of Providence in his affairs, he had common sense enough to make the best of accomplished facts. But his youth—that joyous, unthinking period which rarely runs out its natural course even with the most fortunate of us—had received its death-blow, and from being a merry, jolly sort of boy he became a somewhat serious one. His physical health, however, remained excellent; so that when Christmas came and he betook himself to Blaydon for the holidays, Sir George was delighted to welcome an heir who looked as robust as the last representative of a respectable family ought to look.

"I am going to send you to Eton at the beginning of the next half," was almost the first thing that his uncle said to him. "Your future tutor has a vacancy in his house, and from the reports that I have sent him, he has no doubt, he says, about your getting into Upper School. That's all right as far as it goes, and I'm sure I don't want you to neglect your opportunities of becoming a fair classical scholar; but I'm glad to hear that you are pretty good at games too. One kind of education is suitable for one boy and another kind for another. The chances are that you will never have to earn your own living; so it is important that you should excel in athletics. By learning such accomplishments you may form friendships with young

fellows whose friendship will be valuable to you after your school and college days are at an end."

A great many boys are sent to Eton with no other object than that which Sir George Brett so frankly avowed; and although the object is seldom attained, the boys, it may be hoped, profit by their temporary residence in a sort of aristocratic republic where class distinctions meet with very little recognition. Willie neither knew nor cared anything about that; but he was glad that he was about to be sent to a public school, and he had certainly no reason to complain of his uncle and aunt, who did their best to be kind to him. Not much liberty was permitted him, nor was hilarity a prominent feature of life at Blaydon; still he had his pony, and the keeper was instructed to take him out shooting, and he was told that if at any time he should wish to invite one of his schoolfellows to spend a week with him he might do so.

Encouraged by these favours, he ventured, one day, to ask Sir George where his mother was and when he might hope to see her once more; but the reply which he obtained was by no means satisfactory. Sir George frowned, threw back his head and answered:

"Your mother, to the best of my belief, is in Italy; I have made no inquiries and I do not propose to make any. I cannot tell you when you will see her, or whether you will ever see her again; but this I can say—and I am very sorry to be obliged to say it—you will never see her under my roof. The subject is a painful one; I must ask you to abstain from recurring to it."

The fact was that Sir George had been far more horrified than his wife by Marcia's precipitancy. He had looked forward to her re-marriage as a highly probable event; but he had expected her to keep within the limits imposed upon widows by ordinary custom, and when he heard of what he stigmatized as a wanton violation of all common decency he was genuinely angry. Lady Brett declared that for her part she was not in the least astonished. She had never fallen into the ridiculous error of imagining that women are good because they are pretty; indeed her experience would have led her, if anything, to quite the contrary conclusion. Still she was of opinion that good might come out of evil if the eyes of those who had hitherto believed in Marcia were now opened; and when Willie, after having been rebuffed by his uncle, made an appeal to her, she was able to take up her parable quite kindly.

"My dear, I condemn nobody ; I am too conscious of my own shortcomings to presume to judge others. But men are less merciful—perhaps in some ways they are more just—than we are, and I doubt whether your uncle will ever consent to receive Mrs. Archdale. He may be wrong in holding her answerable for your poor, dear father's death ; but I am afraid we cannot call him wrong when he accuses her of unnaturally heartless conduct. The most charitable thing that we can do is to say nothing about her."

Under the circumstances, that seemed to be at any rate the most prudent plan to act upon, and Willie kept his thoughts to himself. He was ready, in case of his mother's demanding that he should be restored to her, to back her up to the utmost of his small ability ; he was ready to run away from Blaydon or to attempt any other adventurous enterprise that might be required of him ; but obviously he could not take the first step. He must have some assurance that his mother desired his company before he could venture to thrust it upon her and her new husband.

No such assurance reached him ; but towards the end of January there came a very kindly invitation from Lady Wetherby, who wrote to say that her son was about to proceed to Eton and that, as she had understood that Willie was bound for the same destination, it would be pleasant for the boys to go down together. She hoped, therefore, that Sir George Brett would see no objection to his nephew's spending the last few days of the holidays with them in London. Sir George, whose respect for the aristocracy of his native land has already been hinted at, hastened to return thanks in his nephew's name and his own and to accept this friendly proposal on behalf of the former.

"I do not wish you to be a snob or a tuft-hunter, Willie," said he—for he thought that some such caution might be necessary—"your own position is quite good enough to entitle you to associate with anybody, and I daresay that you will eventually be better off than many young earls and viscounts. Nevertheless, I think that, in choosing your friends, you will do well to pay some regard to the matter of birth, and you may depend upon it that those who affect to despise birth are either silly or insincere. I should be glad to hear that you had made friends with young Lord Malton, who will inherit a very large fortune as well as an ancient title."

It is probably no bad thing for the heir to a large fortune and an ancient title that he should be well kicked in the earlier part of his career, and it will be perceived that Sir George's remarks were admirably adapted to secure for Lord Malton any advantage that may follow from that method of treatment. But Willie Brett belonged to the order of human beings who always make the best fighters; that is to say that his inclinations were quite peaceable. So he only said to himself that he hoped the other fellow wouldn't put on airs upon the strength of being an earl or a viscount or whatever he was; because in that case it would naturally become his (Willie's) duty to knock such pernicious nonsense out of him.

Happily, Lord Malton proved to be a fat, good-humoured little boy upon whom no consciousness of his social importance had as yet dawned. He extended a friendly welcome to the new-comer, and, having ascertained that their tastes coincided in certain essential particulars, gave him to understand that he might make himself quite at home. But indeed that was what every member of the establishment, from its head downwards, gave him to understand. They were very kind to him, and Lord Wetherby taught him to play billiards, and Lady Wetherby took him to the theatre and to other places of amusement, so that he had more fun during the last three days of his holidays than in all the previous ones put together. He said as much to his hostess, who laughed and replied that if he had enjoyed himself he must come again.

"But I hope you don't dislike living with your uncle and aunt, do you?" she asked, looking at him with wistful, motherly eyes; for she could not comprehend Marcia's abandonment of the boy, and it seemed to her a most melancholy thing that he should be deprived of his natural home.

"I haven't minded it so much this time," Willie answered. "They're right enough when you know them; only they aren't a bit like you and Lord Wetherby, you know. It doesn't do to speak to Aunt Caroline unless she speaks to you; and then if you make a mistake in grammar she lets you hear of it. I shouldn't like to live at Blaydon always. My mother will want me to go back to her some day, I should think," he added, colouring slightly. "Shouldn't you think so?"

"Oh, I am sure she must want you," Lady Wetherby declared; "but one can't always have what one wants, you see."

The subject, in fact, was a somewhat difficult one to discuss, and Lady Wetherby did not know the ins and outs of it ; so she merely remarked : "Your mother was one of my oldest friends, and I hope she hasn't forgotten me, though she has given up writing to me of late. Now I must go and dress, or I shan't be ready in time for dinner."

But if information as to what had become of his mother, which Willie was most eager to gain, yet did not like to ask for in so many words, was not obtainable in that quarter, he accidentally heard what he wanted, and something more into the bargain, on the following morning. Malton had taken him round to the stables, and the two boys, after critically examining the horses, had entered an empty loose-box, when Lord Wetherby strolled in, accompanied by a friend who was staying in the house, and to whom he was saying, apparently in answer to some question :

"Oh, yes, I suppose he'll come into a lot of money some fine day, poor little chap! As far as that goes, you may say that he's lucky ; but it's hard lines upon him to be thrown over by his mother. I always understood that she was devoted to the boy ; but women are queer creatures ; they'll give up anything and anybody for the sake of a man whom they're in love with—especially if he don't happen to be worth much. That beggar Archdale is a clever artist ; but he's about the laziest rascal and the coolest hand I ever met. He undertook to do some work for me and left it three-parts finished without so much as an apology, though he hasn't forgotten to make me pay him pretty heavily on account. What with that and what with his wife's money, he feels too rich to work at present, I take it. Somebody told me the other day that he had seen them at Cannes, where they were living on the fat of the land and having a fine time of it. That sort of thing will go on, I expect, until he has got to the end of the poor woman's fortune, and tired of her face. It's a pity."

"Well," observed Lord Wetherby's friend, "perhaps when her husband has had enough of her she will have had enough of him, and then she may remember that she has a son."

"Perhaps ; but I should doubt it ; women invariably adore men who neglect them. Besides, old Brett, who has no children of his own, won't surrender the boy now. He has been appointed guardian, and I believe Mrs. Archdale consented to waive her claims."

Lord Wetherby and his friend remained for a few minutes longer, talking about horses, and then left the stables without having discovered the involuntary eavesdroppers, of whom one had become very red in the face, while the other had turned rather pale. Malton displayed a discretion beyond his years by making no allusion to the conversation which they had overheard, and Willie, with a dull pain at his heart from which he was not destined to be free for many a long day, tried to behave as though nothing was the matter.

It was a fortunate thing for the poor little man that the next week was such a busy and important one in his life. During the period which immediately follows one's entrance upon a public school career there is no time for brooding and not very much for thinking. Willie had to familiarize himself with the manners and customs of a place which had little in common with the Farnborough establishment ; he had also to satisfy the curiosity of a great many young gentlemen who wanted to know what his name was, where he came from, and, in a general way, what was the good of him ; finally, he had to pass an examination, the result of which he awaited with anxiety. Only before he fell asleep at night had he leisure to reflect upon the perplexing cruelty of fate. What had he done that his mother should cease all of a sudden to care about him ? Why should she cease to care about him because she cared more—if she really did care more—for somebody else ? Had he been twenty years older, he could have answered the questions without difficulty, but perhaps also without truth. Being so young and so unsophisticated, he could only assume that there must be some mistake, which would be set straight ere long ; because, after all, Lord Wetherby's assertions, when considered calmly, were incredible. So he made up his mind that there was nothing for it but faith and patience ; and he "took" middle fourth, which was respectable, if not brilliant ; and gradually he shook into his place and formed friendships, and began to enjoy life again. Nevertheless, he could not altogether free himself from that heartache which is so much more painful and so much more unnatural in boyhood than in later years.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A FRUITLESS APPEAL.

"Ah, dear me!" exclaimed Archdale, removing the cigarette from between his lips in order to heave a sigh, "what a jolly place this world would be if one could do one's work by proxy!"

He was reclining in an easy chair beneath the shade of a spreading ilex, and he looked as if he did not find this world such a very bad place to live in, notwithstanding its imperfections. Beneath him the blue Mediterranean stretched away to meet the sky; the Lerins Islands in the middle distance and the innumerable villas and hotels of Cannes in the foreground were basking under the rays of a sun which was like that of an English midsummer; upon a small table at his elbow stood two empty coffee-cups, and from the other side of it Marcia was contemplating him with happy and admiring eyes.

"Oh, but Cecil," said she, "nobody except you could do your work."

"Quite so; that's just what I complain of. Work is a most abominable nuisance; but when it has to be done with one's own hands or not done at all one must endure what can't be cured. Therefore," he added, with another sigh, "I suppose we had better hunt out Bradshaw and get our clothes packed and turn our faces towards London, like everybody else."

"Towards London!" echoed Marcia, in somewhat dismayed accents. "Do you really want to go back to London, Cecil?"

"Not one little bit, my dear; I should like to stay where I am. But one's fellow-creatures are departing, and the mosquitoes are arriving, and—well, everything must come to an end, unfortunately, including the happiest winter of one's life."

"But it need not end in a disagreeable way," returned Marcia quickly. "I do so hate the idea of showing myself in London again! And I thought one of the advantages of being an artist was that one could work anywhere."

Archdale shook his head and laughed. "One can make a sketch anywhere," he answered, "but painting a picture is another affair. Moreover, some of my pictures have to be painted upon other people's walls, you see. I must confess that I have behaved quite scandalously to your friends, the Wetherbys.

However, I'll make amends now ; and there's just this to be said for me, that when I do work I work hard."

Marcia could not but admit that her husband was in the right. She was too proud of him and too ambitious on his behalf to wish that he should drop out of sight, and she knew that reputations are more easily lost than maintained. At the same time, she shrank from the ordeal which a return to England must necessarily entail. She had done nothing disgraceful ; yet it was certain that many people would look askance at her. Her separation from Eustace had been an awkward circumstance ; the haste with which she had married again was more awkward still ; most awkward of all was the fact that her present husband had been compromisingly attentive to her during the last season which she had spent in London. All this she had thought of before and had regretted—because it was excessively painful to her to forfeit the respect of her acquaintances—but latterly she had contrived to put away from her every thought and every memory that was of a nature to cause her pain. Her feeling, or what she imagined to be her feeling, was that any sacrifice made for Cecil's sake was a joy. She had been perfectly happy with him so far ; she had been convinced that for the rest of her life her happiness must be bound up in his, and that was why she had never even written to Willie since her wedding-day. It was better, she had thought, to cut herself off altogether and finally from the past. She had been forced to choose between old ties and new ones, and she had made her choice. For Willie's worldly advantage she had surely chosen aright. He was now to all intents and purposes an orphan who had been adopted by a rich uncle ; as for herself, she was Marcia Archdale ; Marcia Brett was dead and gone. But when she went out for a solitary walk that afternoon (her husband having an engagement at the Cercle Nautique which he declared that he could not possibly break) it was borne in upon her that one cannot change one's identity at will. For a month or two it may be possible to believe that there is only one person in the world whose weal or woe is of the smallest consequence ; but this cannot be the truth, save in a few very rare instances, and it certainly was not the truth as regarded herself.

Along the face of the hill-side above Cannes runs a narrow, open aqueduct which supplies the reservoirs whence the town draws its drinking water. Thither Marcia climbed, and, after having walked for some little distance by its banks, seated herself

upon the ground in a shady spot. Then she drew from her pocket a letter which she had not read more than a dozen times, because she had found that she could not do so without crying, and because it is silly to cry when one is happy. However, the usual effect was produced upon her by the reperusal of poor Willie's reply to her announcement of her intended marriage. It was a composition upon which much time and pains had evidently been bestowed; there was nothing in it to hurt the feelings of the most sensitive of brides or widows; but that, of course, was just what rendered it so desperately reproachful. When Marcia read again the little formal, childish phrases, every one of which she already knew by heart, she felt that she had been attempting an absolute impossibility all this time.

"Oh, my own dear boy," she exclaimed, through her tears, "I can't forget you, and I wouldn't if I could! I must see you again; I must tell you that I love you as much as ever, though I daresay you won't believe me."

And so, that evening, it came to pass that Mr. Archdale was agreeably surprised to find his wife quite eager to make a start. He knew as well as she did that they were not likely to be received with open arms on their return to their native land, and he had expected her to oppose him in the matter; but as it was really essential that he should pass a few months in London, he was grateful to her for her ready assent, the cause of which he did not surmise. He flattered himself that her love for him had weaned her from all other affections; and this was not inexcusable on his part, seeing that she had repeatedly assured him that such was the fact.

It was soon after Easter that they reached London and took up their quarters at an hotel in Cork Street which had been recommended to them. Eton boys get a month's holiday at Easter, but that was a circumstance which Archdale had no special reason for remembering, nor did he understand his wife's anxiety to find out the exact date on which the vacation was supposed to end.

"It all depends upon whose vacation you mean," he said. "If you are thinking of the smart people, I should say that you might look forward to seeing them in about a week."

"Oh, I haven't time to see anybody!" answered Marcia, somewhat disingenuously, although it was true enough that her leisure moments were few.

They had agreed that they could not stand the discomfort

and expense of an hotel for the whole season, and thus a process of house-hunting, the burden of which fell entirely upon Marcia's shoulders, was inevitable. Her husband good-naturedly told her that any house which might suit her would be sure to suit him, so that there was no occasion for him to waste time which he could employ more profitably in his studio by accompanying her on her search expeditions. These were tiring and at first disappointing; but she ended by discovering a modest mansion in South Kensington which seemed suitable for their purpose; and, on hearing her description of it, Archdale at once gave her the authority to close with the house agent's offer.

"And I think," he added, "the best plan will be for you to move in and get things straight as soon as possible. I wrote to Lord Wetherby the other day to ask when it would be convenient for him to let me finish my work at his place, and this afternoon I had an answer from him saying that I could name my own time. So, if you don't mind, I'll go now and get it over. I shall be back in less than a fortnight most likely, and I daresay you'll be glad to have me out of the way while you are settling down and engaging servants and so forth."

It was with mixed feelings that Marcia heard of this project. She had reasons of her own for being glad that her husband should leave London just then; but she did not quite like his leaving her at all, and she was a little mortified by her exclusion from an invitation which she would have refused, had it been extended to her.

"Didn't Laura Wetherby ask me to go with you?" she inquired.

"Well, it wasn't from her that I heard, you see. Lord Wetherby's letter was a sort of business communication, and as I didn't mention you in writing to him, I suppose he forgot that I am no longer a bachelor."

"Anyhow, I couldn't have gone; so it doesn't matter," observed Marcia, who nevertheless knew that neither Lord nor Lady Wetherby could really have forgotten her existence.

But it was not of the prejudice and injustice of these old friends—for which, in truth, she had been fully prepared—that she was thinking while she set about making the South Kensington house inhabitable. As she was fond of pretty things, she would probably have spent a good deal more time upon that process had she been less feverishly eager to put herself in communication with Sir George Brett, to whom, on the second day

after Archdale's departure for the north, she indited a letter so humble in tone and so modest as to its request that she did not see how any man possessed of a human heart could answer it unfavourably. All that she asked was to be allowed one interview with her son ; she left it to Sir George to say when and where the interview should take place ; she disclaimed any wish to interfere with existing arrangements, and she promised that she would not say a single word to the boy which might render him discontented with his lot.

This appeal she addressed to Blaydon Hall ; the consequence of which was that she had to wait through two days of misery and suspense for the following reply, which was dated "Portman Square."

"MADAM,—Circumstances have prevented us from moving down to the country this Easter ; hence my delay in acknowledging the receipt of your note. I regret that I cannot see my way to comply with the suggestion put forward therein. Both Lady Brett and I feel that we ought not to sanction any meeting between you and one whom we now regard as our own child. We think that the tendency of such a meeting would be to unsettle his mind, and I am compelled to add that we do not think ourselves bound to stretch a point or to do a foolish thing for the sake of gratifying a mere caprice on your part. Rightly or wrongly, we consider that the step which you have recently taken is not compatible with the maternal affection to which you lay claim ; the performance of what appears to us to be our manifest duty is, therefore, the less painful to us. Painful it must necessarily be to us to decline all further intercourse with our sister-in-law ; still we have the consolation of knowing that in doing so we are actuated by no resentful or unworthy motives. I will only add that our determination must be taken as final and unalterable, and that

"I am, Madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"GEORGE BRETT."

The combination of George and Caroline which was perceptible in every line of this dignified missive might have tickled Marcia's sense of humour, if she had had any sense of humour to be tickled, and if she had not been far too disappointed and angry to be amused. As it was, she could only vituperate her brother-in-law's cruelty, and if there was one passage of his letter which struck her as being more cruel than another, it was that in which he had accused her of a lack of maternal affection. Such, doubtless, was the impression which he desired to convey

to Willie, and such was the false impression which it was not only her right but her duty to remove.

By what means she was to achieve this legitimate object was, however, another question. Of course, she might write to Willie; only writing is seldom satisfactory, and written words are more easily explained away than spoken ones. Besides, she was dying to see her boy. She had made up her mind that she would be allowed to see him at least once, and to tell her that she must surrender that hope was like telling a starving man that he must not eat. One scarcely blames a starving man if he steals the food which is denied to him; so that Marcia may perhaps be excused for considering how she might effect a surreptitious entrance into Sir George Brett's house in Portman Square. But the longer she considered this the more impossible did it appear to her to attempt anything of the kind. She had not courage enough to dress herself up in some disguise; she had not imagination enough to invent a story which would insure her admission, nor had she any means of guessing at what hour Willie would be likely to be at home and his uncle and aunt out. Her one idea was to tip the butler and appeal to his compassion—which perhaps was not such a bad idea, after all, seeing that Sir George was a little bit too rich to be tipped, and that he apparently did not know the meaning of pity. But if there was a human being more destitute of pity than Sir George, that wretch was unquestionably his wife; and Marcia, who was well acquainted with Lady Brett's habit of driving slowly round and round the Park every day between the hours of four and six, thought it only prudent to deliver her first assault upon the citadel at a time of day when the mistress of the establishment was almost certain to be absent. Willie, it was true, would probably be absent also; but the butler, at all events, would be at his post, and from that functionary useful information might be obtained.

She set forth with some trepidation, yet with a determination not to be baulked of her purpose which was perhaps as serviceable to her as any definite plan would have been. By hook or by crook she meant to get speech of her son, and a mother who has formed a resolution of that kind is a difficult person to defeat. Sir George quite thought that he had defeated her; but then Sir George laboured under the double disadvantage of being a man and a rather stupid one into the bargain.

(To be continued.)

Court Functions.

BY A DÉBUTANTE.



THE pleasures of "coming out" are not exactly unalloyed. Much as girls must look forward to the moment of their *début* into society, they must, more or less, dread the ordeal—at least, I did. The part that seemed to me most trying was my presentation to Royalty. I had heard something of Court formalities, of the rigid etiquette maintained, of the crowds of smart people, of the still smarter and more august personages the centre of all. My father, I remembered, had once dined at Osborne in a special costume which I never saw him wear, but which, from his description, must have been rather like an acrobat's or a male dancer's. He told me how they all waited for the Queen in two rows, gentlemen on one side, ladies opposite, just as if they were going to dance Sir Roger de Coverley. The highest in rank were furthest from the door through which the Queen was to make her entrance. When Her Majesty appeared she passed through the open ranks straight in to dinner, then the guests turned and followed her two and two to their places in the hall. During dinner there was no conversation except in whispers, unless the Queen especially addressed someone, and afterwards everybody stood up in the drawing-room, while the Queen came round and talked to each in turn. All this made me feel that going to Court was a serious undertaking. However, every girl did it; it was sure to be a wonderful sight; I should have my father and mother to take care of me, and of course I could not come out properly till I had kissed the Queen's hand. So I tried to forget the possible difficulties of the great event, and concentrated myself upon the minor but more present anxieties. There was first the date to be fixed, but this my parents settled for me, choosing one of the later drawing-rooms, so as to give us

a better chance of fine weather. I had already seen poor victims of loyal devotion sitting shivering in their carriages, wearing low dresses, and only feathers in their hair, while the weather was glacial, wind in the east, and a hard frost on the ground, so I was glad my time was to be May. It was some way ahead too, and gave me more leisure to practise my curtsy—not a very difficult matter, after all, when you know how to do it, although I believe there are professors of deportment who teach people. Next came the very interesting process of choosing a Court train. This, as a *débutante*, was of course restricted to white, but they gave me a charming dress: a white satin mousseline de soie petticoat, with a white satin train bordered with a wreath of marguerites. I was present too when my mother made her selection, and got a number of valuable hints for the future, should it ever be my lot to present a daughter of my own. I found that as a general principle it is better not to choose red velvet and gold brocade, a tone and a decoration likely to clash with those of the furniture and corridors of the palace. In the last room and passage the carpet is red, so of course a train of that colour would not show up well. Blue, again, should be avoided, as it has too cold an appearance in daylight. Everybody ought to be very careful not to have gold ferns in their bouquets, as the ferns are apt to shed their gilding on neighbouring toilettes.

At last the great day arrived, and my nervous forebodings, which had been steadily increasing, culminated in real terror. Should I get through all right; what might I do, or far worse, leave undone? Yet everything went off to perfection. Fortunately we had the *entrée*, the privilege of entering by the private door in the Buckingham Palace Road. This gave me three hours' law. People not so happily favoured must begin their toilettes about seven in the morning; but my hairdresser did not arrive till 10 A.M. He was from Truefitt's, not the man I had asked for, of course, and I felt positively certain would not do my hair to my satisfaction. I began almost to regret that I had not been provided with a Court coiffure of the kind so obligingly offered by the Auxiliary Army and Navy Stores. It certainly is a very convenient arrangement, though nothing more nor less than a wig, but with it one can dispense with the hairdresser altogether. Yet my hair was done somehow, and I think, nicely. More, I found my train perfectly delightful. The bouquet was unpacked, marguerites, to match the train, and all

that remained was to fortify myself with a good strong cup of beef tea before starting. Off we drove at half-past one, straight for the Palace, approaching it by the Pimlico entrance, and passing all the other carriages by the way. How sincerely we congratulated ourselves on thus having the *entrée*, and avoiding the long delay—three hours or more—in the streets! Arrived, we were shown to a room, where obliging Abigails, attired in black, with white caps and aprons, relieved us of our cloaks and etceteras, after which, in unveiled splendour, we took our way along corridors and passages, from the walls of which departed sovereigns gazed down on us with benign countenances, full, let us hope, of admiration and approval. We found—delightful attention on the part of the Palace authorities—most of the doorways lined with looking glass, a charming arrangement, calculated to enable people to see and admire themselves continually, and at the same time rest assured that nothing was amiss with their toilettes or trains. All the way there were vistas peopled with graceful figures, lovely ladies in feathers and finery, gentlemen in gorgeous uniforms, until we reached a staircase, where the privileged few separate from their less fortunate neighbours, and betake themselves to a room reserved for those who have the *entrée*. Here, having gone through the formality of writing your name upon a card, you find that you have ample space to walk about, train and all, and thoroughly enjoy yourself; a pleasure heightened by the misfortunes of others, for there, in the room adjoining, are the poor wretches we have just left, crowded together like sheep in pen, fast crushing out the freshness of their beautiful new frocks, and, of course, regarding us with envious eyes. This room in which we are is the last but one before the Throne. Presently celebrities begin to arrive by twos and threes, Ambassadors, Cabinet Ministers, great functionaries, all in uniform or Court dress; there is a move onwards, the crowd, which has gathered quickly, begins to thin, as one after another passes through the mysterious doorway, the last that leads in to the Presence, and they are gone “to return, ah! never more.” Now, with a sinking heart, and feelings of dismay, I realised that my time was all but come. I take my place in the line and presently find myself at the door. So far, I had been carrying my brand new train over my arm, but now it was taken possession of by two gentlemen of the Court, who spread it out carefully behind me, I suppose to give it its full and proper effect. I must say they manipulated it—I suppose from long

practice—with most marvellous neatness and dexterity. Then I passed out into the strong light of the corridor. The contrast was extreme between it and the darkened, mysterious, almost gloomy Throne-room beyond, which I was now slowly and nervously approaching. At the very threshold I handed my card to some great functionary, and heard my name announced loudly as I continued to advance slowly, following the gliding *frou-frou* of the train in front of me, my mother's. All the rest passed like a dream: I was in a state of suspended animation; I had a vision of someone waiting to receive me, of a curtsy dropped automatically, perhaps awkwardly, of another, another, and yet another, and at last, after an unknown interval of time, consciousness returned, my train had again been thrown over my arm by some officious, or rather official friend, and, with a sigh of relief that all was ended, I emerged into the light of day. I had no recollection hardly of what had occurred. I had seen nothing, realised nothing, I had but the vaguest and most indistinct impression of what I had done. But at least, well done or ill done, it was over, and now we were in another long corridor, across the end of which fresh victims were still streaming. My trouble was ended, theirs was still to come, and it was with a virtuous sense of duty performed that I utilised the ample space and abundant leisure now afforded me in critically examining other people. Not the least part of the pleasure was to note the change in countenance before and after the ceremony; it was sometimes difficult to recognise in the beaming faces of those who issued from the presence chamber the melancholy ones that but a short time previous were sadly approaching it. This is an amusement which can fully occupy a *débutante* new to the whole affair, almost till everyone has passed. But it must end, and at length, when nearly all had passed, we left the saloon, making our way down to the Pimlico entrance, to wait patiently among a crowd of awful swells, while servants in royal livery helped us to get our carriage. At last it was called, and we drove home. Another, quite the last, act in the performance, had still to be played; I became the central figure of an admiring group of friends who were awaiting our return, eager to inspect me and to hear my experiences. With a cup of five o'clock tea and a visit perhaps from the photographer, I descended to the level of everyday life, having enjoyed my first visit to Court far better than I expected.

My second visit was less monotonous because less novel, but it

made an equal, perhaps a greater, impression upon me. No presentation at Court can be considered quite complete until it is followed by an invitation to a State ball. I fancy, however, there is a good deal of heartburning and disappointment, and the hope long deferred that maketh the heart sick, before the much-coveted honour is vouchsafed to the *débutante*. It is not strange that in these days, when the number of presentations has multiplied exceedingly, many people have long to wait for, and that some never receive, the Lord Chamberlain's summons. But we got Her Majesty's commands in due course, and I was permitted to attend a Court ball. It is not a ball, however, in the ordinary sense of the word. It is rather a grand State reception where there is none of the formalities of presentation, but at which the Royal personages who are the hosts have every opportunity of greeting those whom they recognise (and the Royal faculty of recognition is proverbial) in a simple and cordial manner. The company, which is far too numerous even for the magnificent ball-room of Buckingham Palace, overflows into suites of stately apartments, and as there is no such solitude as in a crowd, there is ample facility for a *solitude à deux*, which I think is not unfrequently taken advantage of. Dancing as at an ordinary ball is hardly attempted, except within the charmed inner circle, where "the sweetest lady in the land" treads a measure with some highly-favoured man, and the Prince makes some *débutante* happy by becoming her partner in waltz or quadrille. I think English Society at large might profit by the example set by the Court circle in dancing. The exaggerated or slovenly movements which many gentlemen, and, alas! ladies, nowadays call dancing, are not to be seen in the Palace, but there grace and dignity receive due attention.

The ball-room now lighted by the electric light and nearly perfect as to temperature, offers a most striking *coup d'œil*. To one like myself, unaccustomed to balls of any kind, and but little familiar with *grande tenue* whether male or female, the effect is almost dazzling. Of course, the costumes of my own sex were a source of constant delight; never before had I seen such marvellous combinations of colour and material, the most costly brocades, silks and satins, priceless lace, the rarest jewels, diamonds especially were lavishly employed. But for once the men were more gorgeous than the women. Within the Royal precincts and in the presence of Royalty itself, the sex that is usually unadorned wears the finest feathers. The monotonous

black coat is replaced by uniform in every hue and shape. A high heel treads upon your toe, and a guttural apology is at once offered by a German dragoon in white and silver. A most amiable and well-known gentleman, who had often been pointed out to me, has emerged from his chrysalis stage, and is now a gorgeous Greek. A lady's dress catches on some passing point, which proves to be the jewelled hilt of an Oriental noble's weapon; here is a Hungarian hussar, there a French *chasseur d'Afrique*, here an Italian Bersaglieri officer, there a Scotch archer, while English naval and military uniforms with their richly embroidered lace and solid gold ornament partly explain why large private means are necessary to maintain a respectable exterior in both the services. But what struck me more than anything was to see a great guardsman walking about everywhere wearing his bearskin hat. I was told he was the officer of the guard, and I must say I pitied him. Of course, he could not dance, and everybody noticed him.

Etiquette is the very life and health of a Court. It is observed even in the arrangements of seats. On each side of the small low *daïs*, intended exclusively for Royalty, are rows of chairs which, I was told, were definitely and clearly assigned, not by law, but by absolute although unwritten custom, to the different orders in the social scale who accept the Queen's invitation. No one but those prescribed might occupy them. Thus on one side are duchesses and marchionesses; on the other, ambassadresses and ladies of the *corps diplomatique*. It was my good fortune to witness a very pretty and graceful little ceremony in connection with these distinctions, when a young and beautiful bride arrived, who, within the last few months, had become a duchess. This was her first appearance as such at a Court ball, and she was making her way diffidently towards the position to which her newly-acquired rank entitled her, when the whole of the duchesses present rose simultaneously to greet their sister-peeress and receive her into their circle.

What makes the Court ball so well worth seeing is the fact that almost everybody in the room has some well-grounded claim to distinction. My own, I will admit, was but reflected lustre, and I entered paradise under the wing of others, like the rest of the *débutantes*. But these others represented all that is most notable and prominent in London. Social rank of all the higher grades was fully represented, wealth where it was associated with meritorious money-getting, distinguished service to the State and high

professional repute. Nothing proved this better than the brilliant display of decorations, the constellations of stars, crosses, and medals, all attesting the presence of every degree of merit, and every form of celebrity. Little less distinguished but from extreme contrast was the plain, almost homely, black dress suit of the American Minister, who, of course, wore no decorations whatever. He was the only man there thus simply attired, the type of a great republic which acknowledges no kind of distinction but that of personal merit, and perhaps, so my father says, thinks more of such baubles than the most aristocratic nation in the world.

The great sight of the evening was when the Royal procession was formed to move in to the supper-room. First, the way was cleared for the Princess by Court officials with white wands of office, who glanced nervously over their shoulders as they moved backwards. Her Royal Highness, as she leads the way, is all graciousness, distributing smiles and friendly bows right and left, and being imitated with more or less success by the "thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers," who accompany and follow her. A miscellaneous crowd of dukes, duchesses, and smaller fry, who are privileged to refresh themselves in Royal company, bring up the rear and form the first contingent to fill the supper tables. But there is ample room and entertainment for all, and surely no more regal banquet could well be seen than that which is so admirably prepared by the master of the household ; while its material attractions are, if possible, enhanced and set off by the unique buffet of gold plate which looms in the background. I was only too pleased to take my turn in the great supper-room, but I met older campaigners who told me that it is more prudent to evade the great crowd by taking advantage of the smaller tables spread in other rooms. I was advised too, by one learned in such things, to try the hock cup, which, it seems, is a specialty of Palace hospitality. I have heard it said that foreign Courts outshine the British in splendour and magnificence. In Spain, Austria, or Russia, the ceremonial is very gorgeous, the surroundings of the sovereign most striking, but I am sure these Courts are not better than ours. Certainly no continental potentates can bid their friends and subjects to any gathering which more fully embraces the solid qualities of a *fête* given to ladies and gentlemen than a Royal ball in England.

My first London season included yet another entertainment,

a garden party at Marlborough House, less grand and imposing, perhaps, than either drawing-room or ball, but, with its perfect simplicity, to my mind quite as stately and quite as pleasant. Some years ago the Prince and Princess of Wales gave their garden parties at Chiswick, and certainly no sweeter spot could be found near London for a *fête champêtre* than those sunny lawns, shaded by ancestral trees. But the Marlborough House gardens are now used for these out-of-door receptions, and since the extension of London has robbed a suburban drive of all pleasure, and London streets, crowded and dusty, extend all the way to Chiswick, it is more convenient and more agreeable to both entertainers and entertained to visit their Royal Highnesses in the grounds of their own London home.

We drove to the Pall Mall gate of Marlborough House, and entered by the wicket door, the same as that at which so many carriagefuls of smart people may be seen on every day during the London season, who have come to write their names in the visiting-book which the scarlet-clad porter has under his charge. As we got out of the carriage we had to run the gauntlet of rather an unwashed crowd, who expressed their opinion about our personal appearance in very complimentary, but not very polished terms. I had been particularly cautioned to be sure to curtsy to the Prince and Princess, whom we might expect to find near the entrance to the garden. So after passing through the courtyard, I was prepared to see a formal group to whom I should have to make my reverence. We entered the garden, and I was standing about looking for the Royalties, when I saw my father's hat off, and his dear old bald head glistening in the sunshine, while a charming and young-looking lady was shaking hands with him in the simplest and most friendly manner. Heavens! it was the Princess. I believe my mother was nearly as much taken aback as I was, although she would not acknowledge it. I was a little behind her, so I had the advantage and time to think what I should do. I was now quite on the *qui vive*, and was not at all astonished when I recognised the Prince in the smiling gentleman who was taking off his hat to me. It was all so nice and natural that I felt at home at once, and by the time I had made a bow to each of the young princesses and to the Commander-in-Chief, and received the kindest of smiles and bows from all, I felt as if I had known the Queen's children and grandchildren all my life.

We mixed with the rest of the crowd, and I had leisure to

take in the scene. The gardens were so lovely in their cool and quiet freshness that it was almost impossible to realise that one was in the heart of London. A Life Guards' band was playing my favourite waltz at one end, and the Scots Guards' band were ready for duty when the first were tired. The pipers of the Guards made a brave show, at times marching up and down, although I am not quite sure that I quite appreciated the wild and rather discordant pibrochs which they performed.

A tent was pitched on a central lawn, with chairs and carpets spread in front of it. This was for the Queen, I was told, who was expected in the course of the afternoon. But I had plenty to do to look at the company. It was said that more than four thousand invitations had been issued, and I could quite believe it when I saw the crowd around. It goes without saying that few people that were asked did not come, and there are numbers of persons among the many personal friends of the Prince and Princess who are prevented by their professions from attending balls, but who are delighted to present themselves at a quieter entertainment. The clergy of all ranks and persuasions muster in great force at a garden party. The Church of England is represented by all its hierarchy: there are archbishops, bishops, canons, deans, and the rest; a stately archimandrite of the Greek Church is remarkable in his imposing robes; I think I saw one or two Presbyterian ministers, and there was no mistaking the best-known Roman Catholic cardinal. Then the *doyen* of English actors could not be overlooked, and I fancied he must have found a Royal party in the nineteenth century a more pleasant function than a banquet in the halls of the Thane of Cawdor. Cabinet ministers—past, present, and to come—soldiers, sailors, explorers, doctors, lawyers, litterateurs, the President of the Royal Academy and those of the learned societies, with probably every notability to be found in the pages of Burke—all these were present and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. Here, however, it was the reverse of what I had noticed at the State ball. My own sex, I am proud to say, had vindicated its right to be the most smartly dressed. The ladies generally had the best of it as compared to their male companions; in this great gathering of folk of light and leading, great intellect, high rank, or distinguished achievements are not necessarily associated with attractive appearance, and now a *soignée* toilette made the lady more of a personage than her lord.

Hark! "God save the Queen," is being played. The Queen is arriving, and every one rushes to the foot of the steps which lead from the drawing-room and down which Her Majesty must pass. The Queen appears dressed in black, relieved here and there by white ribbons and ornaments. She leans slightly on a stick, but looks benignant, bright and happy, as befits a great monarch surrounded by a loving family and a crowd of loyal subjects. It is touching to see the affectionate glances that pass between the Royal Family of England, showing that really tender and dutiful attentions of sons and daughters to a mother are blended with the reverence to the Sovereign. A lane is formed by the company, and the Queen walks to the tent that is prepared for her. Two magnificent-looking old Indian warrior attendants place themselves behind her chair, and mark that she is not only Queen of England but Empress of a mighty military realm in the Far East. All the most distinguished people are brought up to the Queen for presentation, but as our party was not to be so specially honoured we betook ourselves to strolling about and trying to identify everyone we saw, in which exercise I found my best guide was an acquaintance with the pages of *Punch*.

Five o'clock tea is now an indispensable English meal, and we enjoyed it in the long open tent which is arranged for refreshments near the house. Such good tea! such delicious *petits pains*! and oh, such delicious strawberries and cream! I might say, oh, what delicious champagne! if I might judge from my father's sigh of contentment when he put down an empty glass.

It is six o'clock. The Queen goes as she came. Soon there is a general exodus, and we make our way to the outer world, where every one is not *tiré à quatre épingles*, and where the jars of life are not modified by the care and forethought which are the characteristics of a princely English home.



Sir Charles Dilke on Imperial Defence.



I THINK I should be among the last to deprecate the writing on questions of Imperial Defence by statesmen of any colour of thought. I am sure that it is advantageous, especially at this epoch, that many and various minds should be at work, and that many and various pens should express thoughts, on what is really almost the greatest problem before us. Wars may be remote from us ; let us trust it will be so, and that all that we do in the matter of Imperial defence may be but speculative study, followed by speculative action and expenditure. If this were the whole of it, those who believe in our power or willingness to keep out of war, or who think that education and enlightenment will provide a substitute for war, might have some right to contend, as they occasionally do, that discussion is futile if not mischievous. But to my mind the future of our great Empire hangs more, just now, on the aspects of Imperial defence than on any other national element. Speculative or not, the fear of the consequences of war is one of the most potent forces to bind together, or to segregate, the scattered territories of which our Empire is composed. Sir Charles Dilke's 'Problems of Greater Britain' teems with illustrations of this truth, and shows us the Colonial mind constantly balancing itself between the risks and the advantages of the Imperial connexion in the event of war arising. It is almost everywhere postulated that war with the British Empire is more likely to spring out of the needs or the entanglements of the United Kingdom, than out of those of any Colony in which the subject is discussed. If the risk to the Colony in such a war is believed to be greater than the Imperial power to avert it, we have the growth of anti-Imperial feeling directly, and a swinging of the balance towards

separation. If, on the other hand, there is faith in the Imperial shield, the Colonists begin to consider that the direct relations into which separation would throw them with powerful and not very scrupulous states, might lead to disputes, followed by wars, in which the separated Colonies could not possibly be winners. Not only so, but their thoughts might turn towards what happens from time to time amongst the South American separated Colonies, and they might remember that the fate of Peru, for instance, could not have overtaken her had Chili and herself remained Colonial members of a Spanish Empire. And yet again it might be borne in mind that, where the mother country will not draw the sword to coerce the will of any single Colony, no internecine war such as the terrible struggle between the Federal and Confederate States of North America can occur.

But none of these reflections are likely to present themselves in any force to the Colonial mind which is impressed with the weakness of the Imperial shield, and which feels the necessity of spending its money and employing its labour to supply that which the Imperial connexion fails to give it. In such minds the risk is dominant, and the advantage of the Imperial tie is minimised.

On this subject I entertain two firm beliefs which grow by the study they feed on. I believe the Imperial shield, even as it stands, is much more powerful than is generally allowed, and may be made more so without extra cost or exertion; and I believe that all discussion ought to lead us, and may, if properly handled, lead us, to something like a universal agreement on this head. So, however much I shall be found to disagree with the views of Imperial defence put forward by Sir Charles Dilke, I shall ever regard his action in putting them forward as valuable. And I have sufficient faith in his honesty of purpose and acuteness to believe that, if I am able to set forth anything that is true in opposition to what is really ill-founded in his chapter on Imperial Defence, he will recognize and use the fact to the best advantage.

There is this difficulty before me in offering a criticism upon the chapter in question. It is that I hardly know how to reach the writer. He is in one element or atmosphere, and I am in another. It is plain to me that he has given the greatest attention to the military side of the defence question, and has been in full and close communication with some of the best military authorities. It is equally clear to me that he has given little or no independent study to the naval side of the matter,

and can have had none but the most cursory and fleeting communication with any naval authorities who can be said to have studied how to convey a sense of the naval aspects of the question to men outside the navy.

The naval side of Imperial defence labours under peculiar disabilities. It is from first to last a question of the rules of naval strategy, and I believe there does not exist a single book which exhibits these rules in their abstract form. Books on military strategy exist by the hundred, and there is hardly an educated person who does not know something of the science, and of what is possible and impossible in war upon land. But naval history has never been written from this point of view, and naval historians, especially the more modern ones, have thought that their duty ended when they have stated the effects, leaving aside the causes which produced them as valueless material. Hence we have come to believe that though successful war by land is governed by the strictest rules, to overstep which is to court disaster and defeat, successful war by sea has no rules attached to it. Everything is thought to be possible, and nothing capable of being provided against. A fleet can move like an army, but now much more surely, as well as more swiftly. Therefore, while it is assumed as an axiom that the army will be at the threatened point in accordance with the well-understood rules of military war, it is held to be certain that the fleet, in accordance with the no-rules of naval war, will always be absent from the threatened point. And we go somewhat further in our well-arranged syllogism. The major premiss is that our fleets were, as a matter of historical fact, seldom absent from the threatened point. The minor premiss is, that in those times the movements of fleets were exceedingly uncertain, slow and uncontrollable, while the movements of modern fleets are in everything the reverse; the happy conclusion then is, that therefore modern fleets are much more likely to be absent from the threatened point than more ancient ones were.

Again, in some way it has come to be held that though intelligence is to the possessor of it in military war the very crown of victory, and though it is necessarily in the hands of those occupying attacked territory, and out of the hands of those coming over sea to attack, yet the enormous power of the electric telegraph is either of no account in the modern problem, or must be set against those who possess it in the attacked territory.

In short we have come to this, that though any one who examines must see that steam and the telegraph have wonderfully increased the practical superiority of the superior fleet, and thereby decreased the power of the inferior fleet, most of us are quite satisfied that as these discoveries of science have made changes in naval war, they have made them against the interest of the superior fleet, and made it much more difficult than it used to be to remain superior at sea. It is perfectly true that no one who has made any study of naval strategy holds such views for a moment, but then, owing to the want of works on the subject, few have made this somewhat laborious study, and they have not yet been able to make full impression on the public mind.

The study itself suffers from the fact that naval men are especially men of action, totally unaccustomed to analyse the reasons governing their action, and not particularly inclined to devote themselves to being preachers of doctrines which are instinctively plain to them when the time for action comes. So in the letters and despatches of the great admirals who left us the heritage of the sea, it is only by a rare chance that we meet with any statement of the strategic causes which were underlying their acts. If we read them with a conviction that rules were governing their acts, we can soon trace out their forms; but if we had not this conviction, we might read and re-read without observing any connexion between cause and effect.

All these things, however, were manifestly absent from Sir Charles Dilke's mind when he sat down to write of Imperial defence. That there is a strategic condition of the sea involved in the operations of forces occupying it or crossing it, is a thought quite absent from him, as we may gather from the very first paragraph of the chapter we have before us. He begins:—

"The defence of Canada and of Australia has already been treated in the first two parts of this work, and it has been shown that Australia is in a position to defend itself from any attack that is likely to be brought against it, while the Canadian Dominion could not, with our present means, be defended at all against the United States. The Australian troops now number something like 30,000 men, or 40,000 with those of New Zealand, but these are divided into local forces, at present tied to their own ground; while Canada possessed some 36,000 under a single military organization, aided by an excellent system for training officers."

On the face of such a passage as this, especially as an initial passage, any reader would be justified in assuming that, in Sir Charles Dilke's mind, an attack by the United States on Canada, and by any other Power on Australia, would proceed on parallel lines. The only inference capable of being drawn to modify this assumption would be that Australia being rather farther off, she would be more difficult to get at in great force.

Sir Charles Dilke may have some answer to this statement, and may, now that I have put it so, aver that he does not forget that any attack directed against Australia while she remains a part of the Empire must pass over a sea, at least more or less guarded, even at this moment, by naval force. That in war it must in some way evade—for such an expedition could not fight and conquer—the naval forces which are watching the ports in which alone it can be prepared. That there are then, from Europe, but three routes along which it can proceed to its objective; through the Canal, round the Cape of Good Hope, or past the Falkland Islands; and that where the routes narrow, there, as a certainty, would be an imperial naval force which must be again evaded. That if the non-fighting force succeeds in these double evasions, it does so with the knowledge that it will certainly be followed up, and that in any landing it effects in Australia, those who command the expedition must look to be interrupted at any moment by the appearance of a British squadron.

Or if it is to be supposed that an expedition such as land forces in Australia might be expected to repel, might take its rise in the French or Russian ports in the China seas, the case is at this moment similar to that described. A landing expedition cannot be a fighting one at sea. Even if it be accompanied by heavy convoy, an inferior naval force meeting it at sea may so handle it and scatter it, as to force an abandonment of the whole design. Such an expedition prepared in the French ports of Cochin China, or in the Russian ports of Siberia, must evade the watching squadrons which, as a mere matter of course, the admiral on the China station will place there, and must know that if the evasion succeeds, it will be followed up to its destination.

Sir Charles Dilke may have had all these considerations in his mind, but if so, they are certainly not present in his words, and we are, in fact, forbidden to believe that his mind at all embraced them, by what presently follows. At page 502, vol. ii.

we read : "General Edwards has reported of Tasmania : 'If the isolation of Western Australia and Port Darwin is a menace to Australia, the position of Tasmania is still more dangerous, ...and it might even become necessary to send troops from the other Colonies to protect it in time of war. *No enemy could seriously threaten Australia until he had established a convenient base near at hand*, and such a base he would find in Tasmania, with its numerous harbours and supply of coal.' It is a curious fact that General Edwards' useful report attracted but little attention in Great Britain, and was not printed by the newspapers of the mother country, although it had appeared in the Colonial press."

Sir Charles Dilke therefore places his imprimatur on General Edwards' proposition, that though Australia could not be attacked except from a local base, locally supplied, such a base is quite open to the enemy in the island of Tasmania. I have italicised certain of General Edwards' words because of their entire historic and strategic truth. No attack on territory has ever finally succeeded which had not a neighbouring local base, either locally supplied, or supplied over a commanded sea. But to suppose that such a base can be employed by a Power which has not the assured command of the sea, is simply to announce rejection, or ignorance of an elementary principle of naval warfare.

Numbers of otherwise clever men, and Sir Charles Dilke amongst them, seem to be quite unable to realize what is the strategic position of the sea with regard to expeditions carried across it, which have for their objects descents upon territory. They do not perceive the three conditions, which I have ventured elsewhere to call *indifferent, doubtful or disputed command*, and *assured command*, under which the sea must be treated strategically in war. They have not noted that history and experience have so marked the middle condition, that no naval officer who sets the least value on his reputation, will proceed to territorial attack while it exists. It is always assumed by thinkers of this school that because it may be said that we should not perhaps start in the next war with the same command of the sea which we held when the last one was concluded, *therefore*, every port all over the Empire is open to, and must expect, attack.

It may be wrong to assert the opposite, but it has to be proved to be wrong, because all experience cries loudly to us to do it. A doubtfully commanded sea, that is, a sea where troops are

liable to be caught on their passage, or to be cut off from their covering and supporting fleet after being landed, has either been the sign of the cessation of territorial attacks, or else has been strewn with their wrecks. It is no answer to experience to say that speed and certainty have altered principles. It would be as reasonable to say that adding x to both sides of an equation would alter its value ; or that adding £100 to both sides of an account would alter the balance. We are bound either to go by experience, or to give reasons for rejecting it. Sir Charles Dilke has rejected all experience, but has not thought it necessary to give us any reasons for doing so. He would think it absurd to suppose a condition of the soil of France and Germany in war, which assumed all the towns garrisoned and defensible, with French and German armies marching indifferently hither and thither ; French armies attacking German towns, and German armies attacking French towns, and all indiscriminately. But he does not perceive that his general view of the sea in the British Empire is quite as fallacious.

And, as I have said, this preaching to the Australasians of an openness to attack which does not really exist, can have but the single effect of loosening the Imperial tie, and tending to shorten the life of the Empire. Rather let us preach the historical truth that there is no shelter like the Imperial mother wing, and that if the Colonists ardently desire peace and prosperity, they will cease to concern themselves with local defence, and think of the much cheaper and much more effective Imperial defence, which is that of the water ways over which alone attacking forces can come.

As an instance of wrong reasoning, I quote the following passage from vol. i. p. 325 :—"The Australian feeling with regard to defence is that the Colonies are strong enough to dispose of any force likely to be disembarked by an enemy upon their soil, and that the fleet which is kept upon the Australian coast is there mainly to protect British interests, the greater portion of the maritime intercourse of the Colonies with other countries being carried on in British ships, and British property, to the extent of many millions, being always afloat upon the Colonial waters. The Colonists point out that our fleet is even less strongly represented in Australia than upon the China Coast, and that it is obviously present in force upon the China Coast for the protection of our own shipping."

It is a thousand pities that Sir Charles Dilke should not have

been sufficiently well informed to have placed the antidote side by side with these poisons. As it is, the pernicious medicine goes out to the Colonies unlabelled, and some one will suffer. Strategically the defence of Australia lies in European waters and in the China seas—where the enemy must assemble in preparation for any design upon Australasia. And though the strength of our China squadron must undoubtedly have the effect of protecting British shipping in those waters, that is but an incident. The strategical position of the China squadron is watching possible enemies, and being ready, if war should suddenly arise, to place its check upon their proceedings, whatever the object might be. It would be hypercritical perhaps to say that the establishment of the Australian Defence Squadron is more a friendly and not expensive tribute to the sentiments of our Colonial brethren, than a prudent strategic act; but no skilled strategist, with limited force at command, will do anything else with it but place it in watch upon the enemy's ships wherever they are. A slight local naval force has always been found necessary to keep ports open, they being so easily closed; but an admiral must always be morally or physically beaten before he forsakes his watch upon the enemy to withdraw into a locally defensive attitude.

And this brings me to the second of those fundamental errors which I am mistaken if Sir Charles Dilke does not take steps to correct, I mean his views upon blockade. When he starts, as we have seen, with the conviction that loose squadrons of the enemy convoying the necessary transports with troops and stores, can and will pass freely everywhere in order to make territorial attacks, although liable to be interrupted everywhere and at any time by the sudden apparition of a defending squadron in full fighting trim, and unhampered by the burden of transports, he necessarily supposes any force of the enemy assembled in his ports, to be actuated by a burning desire to get out. Now, if we couple a burning desire to get out, with the opportunities which steam and dark nights must sometimes offer, blockading squadrons notwithstanding, we get possibly a great failure of any system of blockade.

Sir Charles Dilke, as he seems to have gone farther than any one in the belief that disputed command of the sea will in no degree hinder territorial attacks, so seems to push the doctrine of failure of blockade farther than any one else has pushed it recently. He does more, seemingly, than make light of the position I have

taken up on this question, he plays with it as a toy, but I think it is one of which he has not understood the mechanism. He says (vol. ii. p. 504) :—

"We have been invited to believe that it is possible to make of the enemy's coast our frontier, and to so blockade the whole of his ports, *that it would be impossible for his fleets to issue forth.*" The italics in this sentence are mine, employed to show that Sir Charles has not understood what I have said on this subject. From a close examination of the effects of blockade during the American Civil War, and a careful comparison of these effects with the results of blockade during the days of sailing wars, I came to the general conclusion that if the object were escape from port only, without being seen and followed or watched, breach of blockade was as easy for fleets in the days of sailing wars, as it now is for single ships.

"As (Colonel) Sir Charles Nugent showed in reply," says our author, "the Admiral's policy implied or required a superiority of naval force which we do not possess, and I may now add which we shall not possess even when the recent proposals for additions to the navy have been carried out."

But Sir Charles Nugent's reply and Sir Charles Dilke's approval of it, only go to show that their minds are working wide of the mark. The mistake is over the word "blockade," supposing that it necessarily means "sealing up," and that it fails if the enemy puts to sea. In dealing with war ships alone, it however seldom bears this sense, and really only means *watching*, unless something more is particularly specified. Watching, it will be observed, does not involve force at all, and is well illustrated by Collingwood's "blockade" of Villeneuve's great fleet at Cadiz, in 1805, with four ships only. So that to talk of not having force enough to blockade the enemy's war ports is like saying we could not have gooseberry fool because the apples were not ripe.

And so Sir Charles Dilke misapprehends equally the teaching of the American Civil War, the lessons of our manœuvres in 1888-89, and what the Admiral-Committee said on the subject of force necessary for blockade. He ridicules (p. 545) the investment of these islands, not perceiving that it was the investment of the Confederate sea-coast, which put victory into the Federal hands. Because the sealing up, both inwards and outwards, of the Confederate ports was imperfect to the extent of permitting a proportion of specially built, very swift,

and very small vessels to pass in and out, running enormous risks for the sake of enormous profits taken out of Confederate pockets, Sir Charles Dilke imagines that the whole theory of blockade falls to the ground. What he has omitted to notice is that whatever the Federal blockade was, it was the most marvellous "sealing up" that ever was seen, and that no such sealing up was possible in the days of sailing ships. What are we to say to an argument against steam blockades which bases itself on the fact of its extraordinary efficiency as compared with sailing blockade?

"It is not at all certain that if we lost for a time," says Sir Charles (vol. ii. p. 543), "the command of the sea, it would be so easy to starve us here at home that no nation would be at the trouble to organize an invasion." Here, most of the points appear to be lost. There are two stages in "losing the command of the sea;" there is that of sharing it with the enemy, and that of delivering it into his hands. In the one case we can expect neither investment nor invasion, because both are too liable to interruption. In the other, it is not easy to conceive it could possibly be temporary. All we know about it is that if a navy is once driven into her ports she will practically remain there till the war is over. No one says that in such a case, an invasion might not be organized. All that is said is that the enemy would certainly invest us, and such a thing would certainly bring us to our knees without calling on the enemy to organize invasion and face its risks. Investment or invasion, as alternatives, do not exist in the minds of those against whom Sir Charles Dilke contends. We have had before us, in the case of the Confederate States, the exact processes of war to which we should be subjected. First, investment, not only raising the price of food by diminishing its quantity, but diminishing the import of raw material, and so lowering wages; secondly, the conversion of the blockade of a port into its conquest, as at Sevastopol, the Port of Wilmington, and Charleston; lastly, the overrunning of the country by an army, as Sherman overran the Confederate States. The operations are not alternative, but progressive; undertaken in the usual way, in the order of their feasibility. If, as Sir Charles Dilke surmises, the investment is not sufficiently close to bring the country to a peace-making point by the rise in prices which he admits, and the fall in wages, which he omits, then the next step is to make it closer by the seizure of the ports of entry. If the

country still holds out, then it will be invaded. The experience of the Confederate States supplies a complete model for us to calculate on.

"Even with an increased navy," our author writes in vol. ii. p. 510, "the policy of blockade to my mind is fatal to the other portion of the argument of its defenders—the sufficiency of the fleet as a means of home defence." Here again we have the idea of an alternative, when there is, and can be, no such thing. There is absolutely no way of beginning a naval war except by adopting the policy of blockade. Any other condition of war passed away as soon as ships were able to keep the sea, and to approach the land at all seasons. The course of naval history is quite clear on the point that "the policy of blockade" grew side by side with the power of ships to keep the sea. For the "policy of blockade" is nothing more nor less than the policy of keeping touch with the enemy. It was not the policy of our early wars, but only because the state of naval architecture did not permit of it.

The sentence quoted may perhaps embody the fundamental error of fact which misleads so many who are of Sir Charles Dilke's way of looking at things. We find, amongst this school, the idea constantly cropping up that our fleets can be attacking the ports of our enemies in one part of the world, and the enemy's fleets attacking ours in another part. This was an ancient possible, and sometimes existent, state of war on the water, because it could not be helped. But it is impossible now. The impossibility being axiomatic, may be as difficult to explain as any other axiomatic principle. But it can be understood if we remember that hostile forces must either be watching one another in equal strength, or else one avoiding contact, and the other seeking it. If one commander makes an attack on something which is not the enemy's force, the other does not reply by making another attack on another something which is not the enemy's force. Why he does not, we may be driven to our wit's ends to explain in words, beyond adding the bald statement that this would not be fighting; yet the fact is evident. But, charged with the fallacy which he has not thought closely enough to perceive, Sir Charles Dilke is necessarily full of the other fallacy that an admiral can sail away somewhere and leave an important port to be attacked, and not be shot for it if the port falls, provided it was fortified and garrisoned when he sailed away.

Almost equally, of course, Sir Charles imagines that when a coaling station (he does not discriminate between the remarkable strategic differences in coaling stations) is fortified and garrisoned, the matter of defence is complete. "The possession of innumerable *safe* ports in all parts of the world forms one of the chief elements of our maritime power." "If we are to attempt to hold the Mediterranean in time of war, Malta is a station of first-class importance. It has indeed been called the 'pivot' of English maritime operations in Southern and Eastern Europe." "British travellers who consult the superior officers of our fortresses across the seas as to their ability under present circumstances to defend the ports committed to their charge, receive an answer which might be stereotyped: 'With existing means we could not hold out long against a serious attack; but we trust, of course, to the protection of the fleet.'" It is by such sentences as these that we must attempt to penetrate the root-thoughts of Sir Charles Dilke and the numerous and active party which thinks with him. In the first sentence I have italicised the word "*safe*," as indicating probably two fallacious ideas; one, that what makes the ports valuable is their safety from attack which is obtained by other than naval means; the other, that they thus become valuable for the navy to shelter itself in until some tyranny or other of the enemy be over-past. There is no sort of foundation for such ideas as these. An exception proving the rule is Sir George Rooke's seeking the shelter of the Castles at Cadiz in April, 1696. Proof in abundance lies to hand in the pages of history, that fleets driven to seek the shelter of fortified ports have not powers of recuperation; and now that locomotion resides in coal, a port is less recuperative shelter than ever it was, if the enemy gets control of the surrounding water; for unless coal comes to the port by land, the fleet which seeks shelter can have no guarantee that it will find supply, and the enemy will take very good care that little comes to it.

The remark about Malta confuses cause and effect. Malta is a station of first-class importance, not as giving command of the Mediterranean in any way, but simply as convenient to the power which, *without any Malta*, could hold the command. We have held the Mediterranean before without Malta, and could do it again; but we could not hold Malta without the command of the Mediterranean. And it is so with all naval bases. They are convenient to the power in command of

the adjacent sea, but such a power will always make them, as our admirals did of Haedik and Houat in Quiberon Bay; as Nelson did at the Madalena Islands; as the Federals did by the seizure of Cape Hatteras and Port Royal; and as the French did at Langeland and Kioge Bay in the Baltic. Because we have erected a dockyard at Malta, and have spent large sums of money on it, we have given hostages to fortune which will compel us to maintain our command in the Mediterranean or to surrender Malta; but this is the very reverse of imagining Malta to be a source of strength. It is, like all naval bases, a convenience to be guarded, not a support to be relied on.

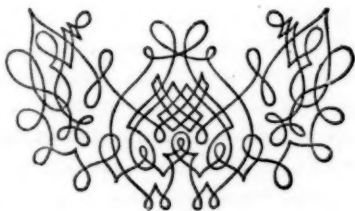
As to the observation of the commanders of our sea-faced fortresses, it shows but little historical reading, or even consciousness of what is going on around us, to make a point of it. At all times these officers have trusted to the protection of the fleet; and at this moment the commanders of the most fully fortified, equally with the most slightly fortified and garrisoned places, claim naval protection. It should be known to our author that this demand is one of the main cleavages between the Admiralty and the War Office on the subject of defence. The War Office tacitly admits by its action the impossibility of getting away from dependence for defence on the navy, but does not understand that, just as Paris would have been safer in the Franco-German war if the armies inside it could have been placed on the right bank of the Rhine, so a sea-faced fortress may be best defended by a fleet a thousand miles away from it.

The Admiralty, on its own side, has, in my opinion, failed in explicitness over this really fundamental matter. In words, it appears to deny its responsibility for the defence of our ports, thereby encouraging the fallacy before alluded to, that it can attack the enemy in his own ports while the enemy is attacking us in ours. The responsibility is one that neither the Admiralty on shore, nor the Admirals at sea, ever have been, or ever will be, able to shake off. We should proclaim aloud our responsibility; we should assure the military commanders that we will guarantee them against serious attacks up to the point when the Empire begins to go to wreck, and the power to prevent it has passed equally from the hands of its soldiers and sailors. But we must always insist on being the sole judge of the distribution of our forces for carrying out what we undertake. We must also let the country know in the plainest terms that bricks cannot be made without straw. Yet, in my opinion, we can remind it that the

quantity of straw required would certainly not be greater than that which now goes to an army to arrange so that, according to Sir Charles Dilke, it could not even defend the Canadian frontier.

Space has not permitted me to do more than to offer a few passing observations on the general principles of Imperial defence set up by Sir Charles Dilke ; and for the same cause I have been precluded from many of those historical illustrations on which alone can right ideas found themselves. I regret this the less in that I am doing it very fully elsewhere. Were I to put my finger on the leading error dominating the mind of Sir Charles Dilke and those who agree with him, I should say it was the belief that attacks on territory can be carried on over a sea which is doubtfully commanded. I would pray all those who think and write on this question, to inquire closely into whether the reverse of this be not the main proposition on which Imperial defence rests. I should be sorry to say that I cannot be met on the point, all I affirm is, that hitherto I have looked in vain for any proofs on the other side. My own historical reading teaches me that in the progressive stages of naval war, attacks on territory do not come until the command of the sea is gained, and the mere rumour that it is in dispute has always either prevented the initiation of such designs, or has caused their abandonment at any stage of their progress.

P. H. COLOMB.



Early Days Recalled.



THE interest aroused by the debates on the Corn Laws in 1846 I distinctly remember, though only four years old. Every one who came to our house, No. 8, Queen Square, Westminster, talked of them, and party feeling ran so high that the discussions were fast and furious. My mother had a great admiration for Sir Robert Peel, and expressed it with such vehemence and eloquence, that Lord Lansdowne, an old friend of ours, said one day, "What a pity, Lucie, that you are not a man! I would make you member for Calne—not a Protectionist could stand against you."

The first journey abroad that I can recollect was in August 1847, when we went to join Mr. and Mrs. Austin at Rochefort in the Ardennes. Prince Pierre Buonaparte, an old acquaintance of my grandmother's, was in the same hotel, and when introduced to my mother he burst forth, "Mais, Lady Duff Gordon, vous êtes des notres, vous êtes une Buonaparte," and, taking her hand, led her before a looking-glass saying, "*I* am considered like the great Emperor, but look at *your* face, madame, it is the image of him." In fact, Prince Pierre and my mother might have passed for brother and sister. This was curiously ratified in later days. Lord Lansdowne had a cast of Napoleon I., taken after death, and whenever my mother went to Bowood he covered it up, saying the likeness between a beautiful living woman and the cast of a dead face was too painful.

We spent some days at Dinant-sur-Meuse, a quaint old-fashioned town, whence we drove in a country char-à-banc to the grottoes of Han. I have never forgotten that visit; it seemed as though we walked miles underground in narrow winding passages, which led into vast halls with stalactites hanging like great chandeliers from the roof. One cave was immense; the torches held by our guides only lit up the small

angle where we stood, and one man ran forward and far away up some steep winding path on the side of the cave, shouting as he ascended, till his voice grew quite faint and his torch was almost invisible. Now and then we went along the banks of the river which winds through these underground grottoes, and then we got into a boat and were rowed along on the dark waters until we saw a faint glimmer of light far ahead, and at last came out into the bright sunlight and heard the birds singing. It was rather gruesome, but very impressive, and when I recounted our visit to the cavern of Han to my small friends in London, they would not believe me, and said it was only one of my fairy tales, but a dull one, because there was no queen in the story.

Thackeray was a constant visitor in Queen Square and a great favourite of mine, though he played me a trick on my fifth birthday which remained a standing joke between him and the "young revolutionist," as he afterwards used to call me, because I was born on the 24th of February. My birthdays were always celebrated by a dinner, when I was allowed to dine downstairs and to invite the guests. Few children could boast of such an array of friends; this one included Mrs. Norton, Lord Lansdowne, Tom Taylor, Richard Doyle, C. J. Bayley, and Thackeray, who gave me an oyster, declaring it was like cabinet pudding. But I turned the tables on him, for I liked it so much that I insisted, as Queen of the day, on having more. I still possess a sketch he made for the frontispiece of 'Pendennis' while I was sitting on his knee. Thackeray often dropped in to dinner, generally announcing himself beforehand in some funny way.

"A nice leg of mutton, my Lucie,
I pray thee have ready for me;
Have it smoking and tender and juicy,
For no better meat can there be"—

was one of his missives.

My sixth birthday (in the eventful year 1848) passed almost unnoticed, to my chagrin. My grandmother, Mrs. Austin, had arrived from Paris and was staying with us. She was greatly alarmed about her French friends, particularly the Guizots, and every hour brought worse news. My birthday was celebrated by barricades, bloodshed, the falling of a throne and the flight of a king, instead of by a dinner with Tom Taylor as toast-master; an office he filled for many consecutive years to every one's amusement and delight.

The French Royal Family arrived in England by driblets, and as soon as M. Guizot came to London with his two daughters, they dined in Queen Square. He often told me afterwards what a haven of rest our house seemed, and how my mother, "*si belle et si aimable*," gave him a real "*diner de famille*."

I had heard so much of the Prime Minister of France from my grandmother that I expected to see a magnificent man covered with wounds and blood, and to this day I remember my disappointment at the appearance of a small, neatly dressed gentleman, with rather cold manners; very much like other people.

The revolution in France gave an immediate impulse to the Chartist agitation in England, and several people we knew left London early in April owing to the wild reports which had been spread. My father's answer to all alarmists was, "the Duke will see to everything;" while my mother smiled and said, "my men will look after me." She often went to the workshops, at Bow, of our old friend W. Bridges Adams, where she helped to start a library, and sometimes attended meetings and discussed politics with the men, who adored her and always called her "*Our Lady*." I can see now the scene in our long dining-room on the evening of the 9th of April, 1848. Forty stalwart working-men sitting close round the table, eating cold beef and bread, while they cheered Tom Taylor's speeches and toasts to the echo. When my mother at last made a speech winding up by calling the men her "Gordon Volunteers," such a hip, hip, hurrah! resounded, that the Hawes, who lived opposite, were startled. My father had been sworn a special constable and was out patrolling the streets; he only returned after midnight and was greeted with real affection by "My lady's men."

The only visitor at Queen Square I cordially disliked was Mr. Carlyle; he was really better acquainted with my grandmother, Mrs. Austin, than with my parents, and came but seldom. One afternoon my mother had a discussion with him on German literature, and her extraordinary eloquence and fire prevailing, Carlyle lost his temper, and burst forth in his Scotch tongue, "You're just a windbag, Lucie, you're just a windbag." I had been listening with all my ears, and conceiving him to be very rude, interrupted him, saying, "*My Papa* always says men should be civil to women," for which pert remark I got a scolding from my mother. But Mr. Carlyle was not offended, and turning to her said, "Lucie, that child of yours has an eye for an inference."

I do not remember seeing him again until about 1858, when we were living at Esher, and I spent a few weeks in London with my cousins Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reeve. We used to meet Mr. Carlyle in Rotten Row, and I rather dreaded having to ride with him. One day his felt wideawake blew off, and a labouring man picked it up and ran after us. Mr. Carlyle, instead of giving him sixpence, as I expected, merely said, "Thankye, my man; you can just say you've picked up the hat of Thomas Carlyle."

My father and mother often went to the Sunday breakfasts given by Mr. Rogers at his house in St. James's Place, and he always requested that his "baby-love," as he called me, should be brought later for dessert. A great treat it was, for the old poet kept a bunch of grapes in the sideboard, which I ate, perched on a chair and two sofa cushions by his side. I wish I could recollect the talk that charmed me, young as I was, so much, that the highest praise I could think of for a grand Twelfth-night party at Baroness Lionel de Rothschild's was, "it is *almost* as nice as Mr. Rogers' breakfasts." The conversation one morning turned on Fame, and Mr. Rogers related how he was once dining at Pope's Villa at Twickenham, with Byron and Moore, when the same subject was discussed. Singing was heard in the distance, and presently a boat full of people floated past. They were singing "Love's Young Dream." Byron put his hand on Moore's shoulder, saying, "There, *that* is Fame."

The old poet told me to be sure and get up early, like a good little girl, to see the sun rise, and to look at the sunset before I went to bed, and then perhaps some day I should write poetry. "Prose you will certainly write well," he added, "it's in your blood," an expression which puzzled me extremely. Seeing me staring into vacancy, a trick I inherited from my mother, he patted me on the head and asked me what I was thinking about. "Which is the most beautiful, Mamma or Aunt Carry," I answered. "Ah! baby-love, that would puzzle older heads than yours," said he, chuckling. Mrs. Norton was always "Aunt Carry" to me, although there was no relationship. She was a most intimate friend of my parents, and her glorious beauty and deep rich voice had an extraordinary fascination for me, even as a baby.

My mother's gift for taming animals had been used on a small mouse which lived behind the wainscot in the drawing-room. He came out regularly every evening about dusk for a

biscuit, which he nibbled from her hand, scrambling up into her lap before the fire. It was my great delight to watch him, and one evening, when sitting motionless on a foot-stool to see mousey, I saw my mother's large eyes suddenly dilate as she exclaimed "My dear Eothen,* what, are you back!" She forgot all about the pet mouse, which scurried away to its hole as she rose. I had seen nothing; but my mother declared that Kinglake had come into the back drawing-room, which was divided by an archway and heavy red looped-up curtains from the room we were in, and had walked across. The faithful black boy Hassan was summoned; he declared that the door-bell had not rung, and that no one could have entered the house without his knowledge, as he was laying the table for dinner downstairs and that the door into the hall was open. My mother was not satisfied, and lit the candles for us to go into the next room, where there was no one. The hour and minute was written down, and when Kinglake returned from his Eastern travels, my mother and he compared notes, but there was no adventure to account for his wraith thus unceremoniously disturbing the supper of the poor little mouse. "Ah, Eothen," we often said, "you spoiled a good ghost story by coming back with your full complement of arms and legs." It took several evenings of patient coaxing to persuade my mother's wee pet to come up on her lap again for his biscuit.

The summer of 1849 we spent at Weybridge, where the Austins had rented a cottage, or rather two cottages with communicating doors, from Sir John Easthope. August will always be a "red-letter" month to me, for my grandmother's devoted friend, M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, came from Paris to pay her a visit, and adopted me as his "petite niece" from that time.

I well remember Mrs. Austin saying she now felt how old she was, as her grandchild had quite monopolised "dear St. Hilaire," who played at ball with little Janet in the garden instead of talking philosophy.

Another visitor at Weybridge who impressed me deeply was M. de Haxthausen. Not because he was, as my grandmother said, "one of the most remarkable and interesting men I ever met with, whose knowledge of Russia and the East is unequalled in extent and depth," † but because he told me wild fairy-tales,

* A. W. Kinglake.

† 'Three Generations of English Women,' vol. i. p. 234.

and declared his life and fortune were intimately connected with a little silk bag he wore suspended round his neck by a gold chain. This contained the crown of the Queen of the Serpents, and he gave me a thrilling description of his fight in a burning eastern gully with the Serpent Queen. "She called her subjects to aid her with a shrill hissing, and the earth became alive with snakes. But I killed, and I killed, and then I ran away with my treasure, followed by a mass of gliding wriggling creatures, for whoever possesses this crown becomes ruler of all the serpents." My mother with some difficulty persuaded M. de Haxthausen to show the crown, which was enclosed in a small gold box inside the silk bag. It looked like a miniature crown made of dark amber, and a doctor who happened to be present declared, after careful examination, that it was undoubtedly a bony excrescence from a snake, and very probably off the head. M. de Haxthausen was evidently uneasy until his queer necklace was restored, and he said he had not taken the serpent's crown out of its golden box for over twenty years.

While staying with us in London my grandmother took me to see "The Historian," as every one called Mr. Grote, and I shall never forget how awestruck I was when the stately, courteous old gentleman, on being told "here is my little Janet," took my hand in both his, and bending down said, "I am indeed delighted at making the acquaintance of Mrs. Austin's granddaughter and of Lucie's daughter." Mrs. Grote (I always knew her as Grota) was not nearly so alarming, though I got into dreadful disgrace one day, when she showed me her portrait as a girl, and I refused to believe it had ever been intended for her.

Sometimes I went to see Mrs. Opie, whom I called "Rainbow Grandmother" and invented fairy tales about, in which sunlight and rainbows played a great part. Years afterwards, whenever I remembered the charming, soft-mannered old lady, I had a dim notion of curious rays of light flashing about her room, and it was not until I read Miss Brightwell's 'Memoir of Mrs. Opie' last year, that I found out that she had a love for prisms, and understood why I had associated her with rainbows.

Mr. Babbage took me one day to see his calculating machine, and was mightily amused at my emphatic approval. I never could do my sums, and asked him to give it to me. He also showed me a wonderful automaton figure, made, if I recollect right, of silver. He called it his wife, and I was rather afraid of the silent lady, as she moved her arms and head in a graceful

but rather weird fashion. Mr. Babbage generally looked so sad, that I remember, when my grandmother was telling me the story of Pygmalion, I exclaimed, "Why, it is just like Mr. Babbage and his wife." My parents and he quite agreed on one subject—dislike of music—which my father always described as "a noise which prevents conversation."

The vision of a golden age of peace and goodwill which was to be the outcome of the Great Exhibition of 1851, was rudely dispelled by the news, in December, of the Coup d'Etat. M. B. St. Hilaire, with many of his colleagues, were imprisoned in Mazas for signing an act proclaiming the fall of the President, and for some days we were in great anxiety for our friend, "l'honnête homme de la France," as he was called. He had at first really believed in Louis Napoleon, and taken his protestations of fidelity to the Republic *au sérieux*. My grandfather was deeply affected by the news from France, and I recollect finding Mr. Hallam at Weybridge one day when we rode over to hear whether any letters had come from Paris, and sitting awestruck and breathless listening to Mr. Austin's vehement denunciation of the Prince President.

1852 began sadly enough. In January the West India mail steamer *Amazon* was burnt at sea, and on board was my parent's friend, Elliot Warburton, who stood by the Captain to the last, and died with him. Years afterwards we received a portrait of my mother as a girl which Elliot Warburton had with him, and which he consigned to a woman whom he helped to get into a boat off the burning ship, with strict injunctions to send it to Sir Alex. Duff Gordon. She forgot the name, and it was not until the year of my mother's death (1869) that my father received the little picture by post with many excuses. Some one in the West Indies had recognized it and given the woman my father's name and address.

Soon after the disaster of the *Amazon* came that of the *Birkenhead*, which sent a thrill of horror, mingled with pride, through the whole nation. A regiment of young soldiers stood quietly at arms on the deck of the sinking ship while the women and children were being lowered into the boats. The latter were all saved, while the ship sank with her cargo of heroes. People talk of Greek and Roman heroism, but never was anything so magnificent as those men facing a horrible death in perfectly cold blood. Any one can be brave when excited, but to stand still and calmly go down in a sea swarming with sharks

is one of the most sublime instances of devotion to duty ever witnessed.

On September 14th of the same year England lost the greatest of her sons. The Duke of Wellington died at Walmer Castle, aged eighty-four. People seemed to think he would live for ever, and the impression caused by the news of his death was profound and general. The marvellous simplicity of his character, his unswerving truthfulness and high sense of duty, his loyalty to the Crown and devotion to his country, gave a sense of security to the nation which was made manifest at the time of the Chartist riots. My father's saying, "the Duke will see to everything," exactly represented the popular sense of trust in the great Duke.

I saw his funeral from the balcony of the house of my cousin, Sir E. Antrobus, in Piccadilly, and the dead silence of the enormous crowd was extraordinarily impressive. Every regiment in the service was represented, and the slow tramp, tramp of the troops, keeping time to the wail of Beethoven's funeral march, became almost oppressive in the perfect stillness.

My grandmother, who had a great admiration and liking for Mr. Gladstone, with whom she had been in correspondence about Education, went to London to hear his speech on the Budget on April 8th, 1853. She told me that some days after, Lord Brougham called on her and said he had never put his foot in the House since he had "ceased to be its master" (*i.e.* become a peer), till that evening. "Gladstone's speech," added he, "was magnificent; so fine, that I sat down, on returning home at four in the morning, and wrote to express my admiration to Mr. Gladstone. I took it out to the post myself before going to bed." He said that Lord Montague was sitting behind him, and worried him so by leaning forward and speaking to him, that "I hushed him down."

The garden of our house at Esher sloped up to the palings of Claremont Park, whose magnificent beeches shaded the higher walk. On the lawn stood an enormous mulberry tree which I was always climbing, and on one of whose boughs I was sitting when Lord Somers appeared one Saturday afternoon, bringing Mr. A. H. Layard with him, who was to become one of my best and truest friends. "Come down directly, Janet," cried Lord Somers, "here is the man who dug up those big beasts you saw in the Museum, and his name is Mr. Bull." Mr. Layard accepted his nickname with a good grace, and for years all his

youthful and many old admirers and friends, and he had many, never called him anything else.

In 1853, when public opinion was roused to fever-heat against Russia, he often came to Esher, and so did Lord Clanricarde. My mother occasionally went to stay at Lansdowne House to hear the debates, and nothing was talked of but the Eastern Question. Loud were the lamentations about the weakness of Lord Aberdeen, and the bad temper of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Mowbray Morris, who was an old schoolfellow of my mother's (at Dr. Biker's at Hampstead), and came to us for a Sunday holiday when he could leave the *Times* office, declared that Lord Aberdeen would not go to war, and that he had told Delane so. Lord Clanricarde feared he would drift into the very thing he wished to avoid, and maintained that the language held by Lord Aberdeen was calculated to encourage the Czar to reject all attempts at a settlement. He was unfortunately right, and war was declared in March the following year.

My mother often went to Bowood, and used to tell a good story against our old friend, Mr. Nassau Senior. Once when she was there with the Seniors and a large party, Tommy Moore, who lived near and was a frequent visitor, was prevailed upon to sing. All prepared to listen to the charming performance, save Mr. Senior, who sat down at a small writing-table and began to write with a quill pen upon Lord Lansdowne's very ribbed paper. He was compiling a paper on statistics, or something of that sort. Moore began, but his singing was rendered impossible by the persistent scratch—scratch, and he turned round to see who caused the odious noise. Mr. Senior looked up, and said innocently, "Oh, you don't disturb me I assure you; pray go on, I rather like it." This caused an outburst of laughter absolutely puzzling to the unconscious statistician.

Apropos of noises, M. Vivier's public career in London was put an end to unwittingly by the late Lord Houghton. After endless trouble, Vivier had been persuaded to give some of his inimitable performances in London, for money. At the first one he was just launched, when Lord Houghton blew his nose (a war-trumpet, as friends will remember). This so unnerved Vivier that he could not go on, and he threw up all his engagements. "Ah," he would say, "*les Anglais ont des nez terribles, cela vous fait l'effet du jugement dernier.*"

Vivier was first brought to Esher to spend an afternoon by Tom Taylor, and after a few hours he declared we were such

delightful people that he would, with our permission, remain some days. He stayed nearly three weeks (my father lending him shirts), and made us all ill with laughing. One of his "farces" was to blow his nose and then imitate the sharp ringing of a bell. Then looking up innocently at the astonished faces round, he would apologetically say, "Ah pardon, j'ai oublié de vous avertir, c'est une maladie héréditaire dans ma famille." Among other and manifold accomplishments he was a wonderful ventriloquist. Without knowing a word of any language save his own, he imitated conversations between German students, Italian patriots, or English "hommes sérieux," which were funnier than anything I ever heard. Then his stories! He soon discovered that "la petite Jeanne," as he called me, loved fairy tales, and he would lie on the floor under the table and talk by the hour about frogs, serpents, birds, flowers, and fairies. The power Vivier had over animals was quite extraordinary. While at Esher he took a young starling out of the nest, and shutting himself up in his room for two hours, brought down the bird perfectly tame and obedient, jumping from one hand to the other, or on to his head, at the word of command. He gave "Dick" to me when he left, and I kept him as a pet for several years. On his return to Paris he took away a bantam cock of mine in an old hatbox some one had left behind at Esher. At Boulogne the Custom-house officer naturally desired to know what the hat-box contained, and Vivier handed it to him, gravely asking, "Monsieur, a-t-il fait son testament?" The man nervously and angrily asked why, and he explained that he was carrying a most venomous snake to a friend. The official looked very cross, and curtly said, "Passez, Monsieur."

Vivier did not bring his famous French horn to Esher, and I never heard him play it, but his singing (without much voice) was quite enchanting, and as Lord Lansdowne had given me, to my father's despair, a fine Erard grand piano, we had much music.

Mrs. Nassau Senior, "dear Jeanie," as she was to all who knew her, used sometimes to come to the "Gordon Arms" at Esher. She was like a ray of sunshine with her crinkly golden hair, her bright face and her ringing laughter. Even my father admired her singing, "because one could make out what it was all about." Few people who met her in society, where she shone, had any idea of the amount of clear practical good sense she possessed, united with such perfect sweetness and goodness. She was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, and her old home, Donnington

Priory, is described in her brother T. Hughes' well-known book, 'Tom Brown's Schooldays.' Mrs. Senior was the first woman appointed an Inspector of the Local Government Board, and she wrote an admirable Report on Female Pauper Schools. Her early death in March 1877, aged 48, was a deep grief to her many friends and to the poor pauper children, who, as she declared in her Report, wanted "more mothering."

On the 5th of March, 1855, our cousin Sir George C. Lewis succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and named my father his private secretary. A pleasant change from being a senior clerk in the Treasury, and a place my father was well fitted for, as his manners were so courteous and kind. George used to say whenever he had to say "*No*" to anybody, he made Alexander do it, and the people went away quite pleased.

Louis Napoleon came back to London as Emperor, in April 1855, bringing the Empress Eugénie, whom many had known and admired some years before as Mdle. de Montijo. Their reception was good, but not enthusiastic, and the Emperor struck me as smaller and meaner looking than he had done when, as a poor pretender to the throne of France, he used to come to Queen Square. Every one spoke of the beauty and grace of the Empress, but added that her manners and "air" could not be compared with those of our Queen. Lord Lansdowne said that the former was evidently not quite at her ease, and at dinner showed her nervousness by crumbling all her bread. One *was* a Queen, the other a very pretty woman trying to be one.

On the 18th of May I went with my father to see the Queen give medals to the invalided officers and men from the Crimea. It was real Queen's weather, and the most beautiful and touching sight I ever beheld. A platform had been raised on the Parade in front of the Horse Guards for Her Majesty, who handed a medal to every man as he passed. Many had lost an arm, others were on crutches, and when Sir Thomas Trowbridge, who had lost both feet, was wheeled past in a bath-chair and the Queen came down the steps to give him the medal, something very like a sob echoed through the vast crowd. A few weeks later died the gallant and honourable Lord Raglan, lamented by all who had known him. Seldom has an Englishman attained to such a position among French soldiers. I remember MM. Guizot, St. Hilaire, and others sending my grandmother, Mrs. Austin,

many extracts from letters of French private soldiers for Lord Ellesmere, who wanted them for some speech or article he was preparing. All spoke of his courage and his coolness under fire ; many of his gentleness and kindness ; and the expression "*c'était un gentilhomme*" often occurred.

Late in June we heard with great uneasiness of the failure of Messrs. Paul and Strahan, for we knew that Mrs. Gore had absolute confidence in one of the partners of the bank, and that all the money she had made was in it. Her daughter (who married Lord E. Thynne), brilliant, fascinating Cissy, who sang French songs better than any one, rode like a bird and danced like a fairy, often came to Esher. She appeared once with two enormous deerhounds, who celebrated their arrival by making a raid into the kitchen. They knocked down the cook, and seized a saddle of mutton which was roasting before the fire, with which they tore down the village street followed by Cissy's groom, shouting, "Hi, I say, that's milady's mutton!" Mrs. Gore (who was very fat) and her daughter used to be described as "Plenty and no waste" (waist), for Cissy had a beautiful figure with a wonderfully small waist. Her fun and charm of voice and manner were quite irresistible.

When staying once with Mrs. Norton in London she took me one day to buy some plaster casts for a niece of hers to draw from ; the man, after showing us many arms, hands, ears, &c., held up a very beautifully shaped nose. "There, ma'am, I can safely recommend *that*, it's the Hon. Mrs. Norton's nose, and hartists do buy a lot on 'em, it's very popular." Sitting in the brougham by Mrs. Norton, with full opportunity for admiring her wonderfully beautiful profile, I did not wonder that the cast of her delicate and perfect nose should be in request. She was always boundlessly kind to me, and I found her conversation more agreeable and more brilliant when she was alone with us, or quite "*en petite comité*," than when there were many people, when she sometimes posed and seemed to try and startle her hearers. No one could tell a story better, and then it gained so much by being told in that beautiful rich low-toned voice. I often hear Mrs. Norton's hair described as blue-black—quite a mistake. One of her great beauties was the harmony between her very dark brown hair, velvet brown eyes, and rich brunette complexion. Her sister, Lady Dufferin (afterwards Lady Gifford), also very handsome, was delightful company and full of *esprit*. One day my mother asked, "Well, Helen, when are you going to

Highgate?" Modestly casting down her eyes she said, "As soon, my dear, as Pricey has cleared the garden of *all* the cock robins." (Her husband was rather jealous.) No one else would have said on hearing many shoes being cleaned outside her cabin door on a rough passage across the Irish Channel, and in the intervals of sea-sickness, "Oh, my dear Carry, there *must* be centipedes on board!"

In 1857 Government was beaten on a motion of Mr. Cobden's about the Chinese War, supported by Mr. Gladstone, Lord John Russell, Mr. Disraeli, and Sir J. Graham. Parliament was dissolved, with the result that the country declared for Lord Palmerston and a war-policy, and that Messrs. Cobden, Bright, Milner, Gibson, and Fox, lost their seats. It was very funny to hear Lord Palmerston talked of as "The Man of God," and "The Christian Premier," by the Low Church people, whose approbation he had gained by appointing several evangelical bishops (under the influence of Lord Shaftesbury). News of the conclusion of the war with Persia also came just in time to be made use of on the hustings. "Just old Pam's luck," one heard perpetually.

The extraordinary heat of the summer of that year was attributed to an approaching great comet, which, however, never appeared. Considerable alarm was excited by a report that the comet would collide with our world and smash it. One old lady in the village made her will in anticipation of the awful event, though who was to be left to inherit her cottage, fat pony and two old spaniels did not seem quite clear. She had quite made up her mind that they would be safe.

From India news came fast, and bad it was. We heard of the fall of Delhi, and the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, one of our many great Indian soldiers, who died from wounds caused by the bursting of a shell, and dictated his own epitaph on his death-bed. "Here lies Sir H. J. Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." The world will say, "Aye, and did it too." There was the awful massacre at Cawnpore, which made strong men weep with horror and fury. There was, too, the march of the gallant General Havelock on Lucknow, when Sir James Outram, who had been named Chief Commissioner of Oude, with full civil and military power, joined him with reinforcements, and, like the generous, splendid man he was, declared he would accompany him in his civil capacity only, placing himself as a volunteer at his disposal. Years afterwards, when Sir James came to Egypt

shortly before his death, I had the honour and privilege of knowing him and seeing him nearly every day. With great difficulty I made him talk about Lucknow, and how his fine face lit up and his glorious eagle eyes used to flash when he told of how Sir Colin came to the rescue! For Havelock had taken the city, saving the women and children from a fate worse than death, only to be besieged in his turn. Alas! soon after his name also was inscribed on the lengthening roll of gallant and able men who "did their duty" and laid down their lives for England.

My father came back from the Queen's ball on the 11th of July, full of the beauty of a fair Italian, the Contessa Castiglione. She excited great curiosity, as she was supposed to occupy a high place in the affections of Napoleon III. A sort of tournament of beauty was held at Holland House, patriotic Englishmen declaring that there were many women handsomer than Mdme. Castiglione in London society. At Lady Holland's "tea" strife ran high as to the relative merits of the beautiful Italian, of Lady Waterford, Lady Mary Craven, Miss Brandling, Lady Somers, Lady Duff Gordon, and others whom I have forgotten. But all joined in saying that her little boy was *quite* the most lovely creature that had ever been seen.

In the autumn our house at Esher was let to Mr. Charles Buxton for three months; and we went to Paris, chiefly in order that I might learn French. M. B. St. Hilaire had not forgotten "la petite Janet," and was terribly put out at my methodless way of learning a language.

He wanted to "ground me in grammar," and forbade novels, having a desire to make me "une femme sérieuse." His exhortations were delivered in such beautiful French, that I declared he should be my grammar, and between M. St. Hilaire, who to this day writes to his "petite-niece Janet" with the accumulated affection borne to three generations, and my other mentor, M. Victor Cousin, I soon learnt enough French to take the keenest delight in my frequent visits to the Sorbonne. Here the dear old philosopher (Cousin) would talk to me by the hour about his beautiful ladies of the 17th century, particularly Mdme. de Longueville, until it seemed I knew them personally. He would never call me Janette, saying that was "un nom de paysanne;" I was "Jeanne," and I think he rather took my side against M. St. Hilaire as regarded novels and light literature, for I remember one day he gave me *La petite Fadette*

to read "for style," and then St. Hilaire coming in he capped it with his own volume *Du Vrai, Du Beau, et Du Bien*, "to please our Aristotelian." No words can do justice to the charm and brilliancy of his talk; fresh, incisive and vivacious, he swept one away like a strong river. Then his voice was peculiarly sweet, and he managed it to perfection. His was not perhaps a regularly handsome face, but it was fine and striking, and his hazel eyes were marvellous, now flashing and commanding, then soft and caressing, particularly when he mentioned his "grande et belle dame" Mdme. de Longueville.

MM. A. de Vigny, Mignet, Léon de Wailly, whose clever novel 'Stella and Vanessa' my mother had translated, and others, often came to see us in the Rue Chaillot, but my especial play-fellow and friend, besides my two old philosophers, was Fletcher, Mrs. Norton's eldest son, who was a secretary of the Embassy in Paris. I suppose my passionate admiration of his mother amused and touched him; anyhow, he was very kind to me, and one of the greatest sorrows I can recollect was the death of handsome, graceful, accomplished Fletcher Norton.

While in Paris, we heard that Mr. Macaulay had been made a peer, and Lord Lansdowne wrote to my mother to say he had declined a dukedom, adding he had been much touched and gratified by the many congratulations he had received on the proposed honour. Certainly no one merited a public recognition of long and valuable services to his country more than he, who

"Stepped into the Senate from the school,
As great men's sons did in his early days,
Putting the College exercise away,
To take the helm of empire and the rule,—

as Tom Taylor aptly wrote in his true and touching 'In Memoriam' verses in *Punch* in 1868.

Lord Lansdowne told me he was called the "dancing Chancellor" when, as Lord Henry Petty, he joined the Ministry of "all the talents, wisdom and ability," as Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-six. Ever kind, ever fair and tolerant, smoothing away all difficulties by his suave and courteous speeches and manner, which yet had an undercurrent of strong will and command, no one could know the dear old Marquess without loving and revering him. None will ever know the many acts of generosity and kindness done by him in so charming a manner that he would almost make it appear as though a favour was being conferred on him by accepting his aid. The

only time I ever saw him angry was once when staying at Lansdowne House. He had taken me into the drawing-room to see some picture, and on crossing the hall to return to his study we found a shabbily-dressed man sitting on a bench near the door. He came forward and shook hands with Lord Lansdowne, who greeted him with effusion, to the dismay of a young footman, who, seeing his shabbiness, had told him to sit down, as "My Lord was engaged," and had not announced him. I forget who the gentleman was, but I am sure no shabbily-dressed person was ever kept waiting by any servant in Lansdowne House again.

While we were in Paris the Emperor, to whose credit it must be said that he never forgot any one who had been kind to him as Prince Louis Napoleon in London, sent several times to place a carriage at my mother's disposal, which she refused. Elliot Warburton had introduced the Prince to my parents when we lived in Queen Square, and he used to drop in to dinner occasionally, but none of us liked the silent watchful man, and at Esher we had learnt to know and love the Orleans family. Besides, our dear St. Hilaire would have been much hurt had we accepted any favour from the Emperor, of whom he used to speak with infinite scorn as "*ce monsieur*," mingled with sorrow at the demoralisation he and his surroundings were introducing into France.

On our return to Esher in November we found Claremont plunged in deep sorrow. The Duchesse de Nemours had given birth to a daughter and was well enough to get up after a fortnight. Her maid was brushing her beautiful long fair hair, and the Duke came in to say good-bye before going out to ride with his sons. Before he had gone 200 yards from the house she suddenly cried "*je me meurs*," and was dead before her husband could reach her room. She was the ray of sunshine in that dull house, and the Duke aged ten years after her death, and never lost the look of melancholy that settled on his face on that sad November day.

(To be continued.)



Caroline.

A RAINY midnight. I never sit alone at midnight, hearing a steady rain fall on the ground, but I remember Caroline.

First, as a bride before the altar, pale, but with unfathomable gladness in her eyes. She sometimes said to me during her year of marriage :

“ Life seems too beautiful ! ”

It was not experience or reflection which taught her to add :

“ Do you think that this can last ? ”

I hoped it might last, and often prayed it might, for she was over-young for sorrow. The year went by, and when her marriage-day came round on the wheel of the seasons, her husband lay before that altar in his coffin, and she heard the burial-service read.

Yes, I remember her, first, in white, and pale with the pathos of deep joy ; and I remember her again in black, white as one whose wound bleeds life-blood.

She followed his coffin down the nave alone. I thought that we should see her fall. It was not till a rose dropped before her, from the coffin's crown of floral white, that she stopped and stood there for a breath's time, powerless. She must have remembered the white roses strewn before her as a bride.

I entered the mourning-carriage with her, and she spoke to me for the first time that day.

“ Tell them to take me home,” she said. “ I cannot watch them put him in his grave.”

She was silent again until we reached the house, where, that day a year before, he brought her home. Then, as she looked at its unchanged stone front, I heard her mutter :

“ Life seems too terrible ! ”

She entered the house and went upstairs to the room where

his body had been lying. I do not think she knew whether I followed, but I did so, and stood outside the door.

She had laid him out with her own hands, unhelped, and watched beside him day and night. Throughout this vigil one could hear a murmur of low speech in the locked room. It seemed as if she sought to tell him in those hours all that their lost lifetime of love must leave unsaid.

There was silence now, though, he being gone. I waited anxiously. She had been able to do as she had done through his bodily presence near her: beautiful in death as he had been in life, he looked as if he lay asleep. This dreadful quiet daunted me: the quiet of things ceased, no more. There was not even the persistent step which runs a losing race with pain.

.... I started at the dull sound of a fall. She was lying senseless by the empty bed, a waistcoat he had worn crushed to her breast.

I have always felt to blame about the rest. It comes back to me like an unlaid ghost when I hear the midnight rain.

The day was glorious with sunshine and the blue of late spring skies. I shaded out the lidless noon, and made her lie down and try to sleep. She was so unresisting, so collapsed, that I relaxed my own anxiety. I found an armchair in her dressing-room where I thought I should hear the slightest call. But my four days of watching overcame me: my consciousness was lost in leaden sleep.

I roused with a loud cry.

"Caroline!"

I do not know what waked me. Day was almost gone, the sky dead grey, and steady rain was falling. I hurried to the door between the rooms. When I saw that her place was vacant and her black clothes gone from off the chair, I felt no surprise, but, instead, an appalling and acceptant sense of fate.

She was not in the house, yet the servants, still gossiping amongst themselves about their master's death, had not observed her leave it. The rain had begun only half an hour ago, though the clouds had lowered down before that.

.... Well, it was not till late at night that I thought of the cemetery. We drove there at a gallop through the dull strong rain: it was some miles outside the city. We roused one of the caretakers, a deaf old man with a slow and stolid way of speech.

"No one has gotten in there since we shut the gates, and that was an hour before sundown."

This was all he had to say, and he repeated it at every question. He held a ring of huge iron keys, which, as he spoke, he clanked together.

We drove back from his dwelling to the cemetery walls. She might, I thought, be wandering about them. I never can forget the noise of the rain as it beat upon the sodden ground.

The road was deserted, and our lamps revealed the walls. No one was walking in their shelter. We came to a gate. The gravelled path led through it. Not even a foot-print here!

On again. The walls seemed stretching forward beyond space and time. Perhaps while we searched this side of the great enclosure, she was on its other boundary. Perhaps she was lying dying in the fields, half-crazed, for want of care and shelter.

Another gate. I got down and looked through it, and called her name across the sad mysterious space. A distant echo gave it back to me. It seemed as if *he* called her too.

Now, as the inexorable walls rushed by, I prayed. The horror of it all had grown too strong to bear alone. I would have given ten years of my life to wake and find the last four days a dream.

The third gate. Something huddled there beside it. I shrieked out "Caroline!"

She was crouched upon the ground, grasping the bars, looking between them while the rain fell.

"Caroline—Caroline!"

As I tried to raise and comfort her she turned on me piteous and unrecognizing eyes, and spoke:

"I can't get in. Do let me in! I've waited here so long..."

She was delirious.

"Caroline," I said, "darling Caroline, come home! Come with your poor old friend!"

No sign of that suasion which a well-known voice sometimes exerts at times like this. She said again, with supplication,

"I can't get in. Won't you help me? Let me in!"

As I stood silent in despairing indecision, she continued:

"I want to find my husband's grave. He was buried here this morning, but I did not—follow—the coffin.... They know that and think I was heartless, and so they have shut all the gates against me. I have walked past so many gates, but they're all locked to keep me out. I can't get in... I can't get in... I can't—get—in."

She had turned away again and, looking through the bars, seemed complaining to him who lay beyond.

A thought struck me.

"Yes," I said, "but you overlooked one gate that they forgot to lock. I'll take you to it, if you like."

She stood up, her drenched veil streaming back, her hands clasped.

"Where is it?"

"Will you walk, or shall we drive there? Whichever you wish, but driving is the quicker. Here is the carriage—"

She entered.

"Home," I muttered to the coachman.

The rain began to fall with fury, and roared on the carriage-roof. The sound and the beat of the galloping hoofs filled my brain with the chaos of a nightmare. Besides this, Caroline was talking, and I strained my ears to catch her words. I feared she might fathom the deception I had practised, and suddenly attempt escape.

"They thought it was because I did not care, and instead it was because I loved him so. I could not have borne it—anything but that: I knew I should be crazed if I went through it... yes, I should be crazed... oh yes!—my God!—I should be crazed!—"

She stopped, and abruptly gripped my arm.

"You won't let them know, when we get there? They would keep me out. They would not understand. You won't tell them?—swear to me you won't!"

"No, no. I swear."

She began again, in the hurrying and monotonous murmur of delirium:

"If they had only understood, they would never have locked the gates between us... I nursed him day and night—he never woke and called but I was near to serve him: I closed his eyes: I washed his body for the grave: I clothed him as he would have wished in life: I watched beside him through the days when he lay dead: I—oh, I loved him! I loved him!..."

Passing my arm around her, I rested her against my breast. I have seldom murmured at my own pale life, but now for her sake I cursed fate.

Before the convulsions of her sobbing ceased I felt the city's stones under our wheels. She did not notice this, but lay like a sick child in the close hold of my anxious arms. Then, as a

dream that will and reason cannot bound, her talk went on again:

"The sun shone the morning that he died. Every day I watched beside his body the sun shone. It seemed to me like God up there, laughing at my misery. And yet, when the sky grew dark and I saw that it would rain, I wished the sun had gone on shining. I remembered that I could not shelter him any more, that he was lying out there alone, with his face turned up towards the open sky...."

Suddenly, with a cry as of bodily agony, she called his name. And then:

"It's locked !... I can't get in !... They won't let me come to you !..."

At the same time the carriage stopped, and I saw a flood of light pour past the house's opening door. Firmly and without appeal to her I alighted and helped her to alight. It was the moment I had dreaded most. In place of the resistance I expected, a glad bewilderment dawned on her face: she looked back from the house to me.

"Home?" she cried, "Martha?—Oh, thank God!"

She hurried up the entrance-steps.

I despatched the carriage for the doctor who had attended her husband till his death. As I entered, she came towards me down the hall.

"Why, where is Lou?" she said.

This turn in her delirious fancy, first so welcome, now seemed more awful than the last. I had liefer hear her shrieking her dead husband's name, than asking for him as for one alive.

"Wait, dear, till you get your things off," I said. "Come along, now, upstairs." I kissed her, banishing a look of doubt which gathered in her eyes. She seemed to conclude that all was well, and followed with factitious energy.

I got her wet things off her, and coaxed her into a loose robe. Just as we sat down before a blazing fire to drink the hot tea I had ordered, she glanced around uneasily.

"Louis liked this gown—I wonder what is keeping him so long?"

Her eyes fastened on a little almanac against the wall which showed the date in bold black type.

"Why, I'd forgotten! It's our wedding day!... *Martha, why is Lou not here?*"

A tap at the door. She confronted the physician whose face she had last seen beside her husband's death-bed.

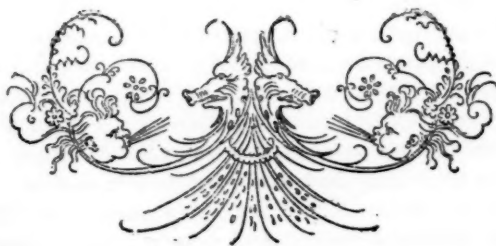
Ah, Caroline, Caroline! I blundered twice, yet how I loved you! Embodiment of that divine youth, twin to love, which my life never found!

It was midnight again, and rain still fell. I was watching by her bed. She had been quiet awhile from feebleness, but as the clocks struck twelve she spoke.

"Lou, I am here, love, but I can't get in. The gates are locked: I've tried them all... Lou, you know I'm here? you know I would not leave you all alone?... Oh, will no one let me in? He was my husband, my love, my all on earth! Will no one ever let me in?..."

Her voice was heard by mightier than I, for Death unlocked the shadowy gate between them.

LAURA DAINTREY.



Early Summer at the Cape.



It is hard to realize when June mornings are upon us how different Nature is on the other side of the world in the southern hemisphere, where our spring is their autumn, our summer their winter, our vernal their autumnal equinox. How dull and strange and altogether meaningless must the songs and raptures of our poets in the growing season of the year sound to the ears of Colonists living in subtropical climates, where the harvest has just been ingathered, and hymns of thanksgiving sung! Here in rural England we nurse tenderly during the bleak days of February or March the welcome vision of the green blades of the wild arum, broadening slowly day by day in the land of winter desolation; we give a greeting to the humble celandine, and even to the plain dog's mercury as they peep timidly upon us from the hedgerows, and, when the sweet white violets and primroses look forth as modest children of the New Year from behind the drooping shields of the last year's bracken beds, we hymn our vernal odes. Not so abroad, and in such a climate as that of South Africa. There the skies seem alien, the plants strange, the climate different, and new stars look down night after night upon a new world, and, when we have said good-bye, regretfully perhaps, to *Ursus major* sinking slowly down upon the northern horizon, as the ship rushes southward, we have said good-bye to northern seasons, northern climates, northern twilight, and all the indescribable associations of a northern life. Nature henceforth will wear a different livery, her face will wear a different smile.

To the lover of English rural life the change in the bird-life of the South will be most marked. England is pre-eminently the land of bird-song; whilst at the Cape, as in many subtropical countries, there is scarcely a bird-note worth listening to for a

moment. There is the sweet twittering of the Cape canaries, pretty enough in its way ; there is the cooing of the bush dove ; there is the loud whistling challenge of the Fiscal or Butcher bird, and the call of the Bok-ma-kerie (an onomatopoeic word), the substitute for our thrush, and the hoarse guttural note of the Loeri, heard in the recesses of a distant kloof or combe, but no music anywhere. The golden cuckoo is a small and beautiful bird, with green and silky plumage, but his name belies him ; never have I heard at the Cape the double note of the cuckoo so dear to us. Swallows and swifts abound at the Cape, but both seem, like the spreos or starlings, to have lost their endearing ways and habits. Who, on a June night in England, does not listen with pleasure to the wild scream of ecstatic joy that comes from the swifts as they dive and sweep with incredible speed round an ancient tower or cliff where they have nested year after year ? But the Cape swifts share not the summer madness and exhilaration. Perhaps there are no places for them to disport themselves such as they love, no towers or steeples, or "ancient solitary abodes," handed down from generation to generation as hereditary nesting-places. The house-marten and chimney swallow have forgotten in the South to be the confiding companions of man, and do not nest beneath the eaves and in the chimneys of straw-thatched cottages. As if a homing instinct had told them that the tender and remote North was the fitting place to build their nests after all, not here, where the Southern Cross holds sway. Well enough to spend a few summer months here, they might twitter to one another, but not for always ! Even the Cape robin, which hops about on slender legs and peers curiously about with its bright little eyes, much after the fashion of his northern cousin, is comparatively mute here. In England the robin sings all the year round, and in quiet still days in winter, when the sun is out, he sings, we know, as merrily almost as in the summer. Nor can the stranger follow at first, whilst the seasons are still new to him, the yearly migration of birds in South Africa. Such migrations are carried out yonder as regularly and punctually as in England, and we must believe that many of our English migrants come from winter quarters in South Africa, although the line of Continental migration does not yet appear very clearly marked along the length of the Dark Continent. It is a strange instinct that sends so many thousands of birds northwards, ever northwards, to bill and coo and nest in the cold latitudes. Once my heart failed me in South Africa

when I shot a fern owl or night-jar as it flew dazed in the daylight from a rocky hiding-place,—just such a hiding-place as he loves in England. Often had I in times past listened to his quaint purring and churring on the heather hills of the old country, and could this, I thought, really be an English born and bred bird after all, crossing innumerable rivers, lakes, and forests to this sub-tropical land?

In England the spring is marked almost to the day by the notes of migratory birds coming in their allotted order. It is often easier to detect our little visitors by hearing their first few warblings than by seeing them. Here in English meadows, when the palm is in bloom and the catkins hang along the hedges, who does not wait anxiously for the first sweet refrain of the chiff-chaff? He is one of our first visitors, even when March winds are blustering. In Kaffirland, where the natives have killed every small bird with knob-keries (sticks) and stones, there is an oppressive and monotonous silence at all seasons of the year. No bird is there to tell us how the seasons are progressing; there is no music in the woods, no warbling and fluttering among the green leaves. In England, after the chiff-chaffs and willow-wrens, there follow in their nightly hosts the countless warblers, till some day in April "the Wandering Voice" is heard, that voice that gave to Wordsworth at Laverna a gratulation even better than that of nightingale or thrush. Presently one quiet night the fern owls will drop, wearied by their long sea-voyage, upon the green hill-sides of England they have known before, and in the luscious gloaming of a May or June evening tell us summer has fully come. One after the other these little immigrants mark our spring calendar; but in South Africa the lover of country sights and sounds, landing in a world of fresh flora and fauna, will stare in blank bewilderment and astonishment. Robert Browning sings,

"Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows."

But all this to a Colonist born and bred in the country must

be meaningless when April marks with him the season of decay. To obtain the proper April associations, and realize that the "blossom of the almond-trees is April's gift to April's bees," he should change his nomenclature of the months, or read the seasons backwards. "Come out, 'tis now September," would be a spring rather than an autumn invocation, where Christmas Day is sometimes the hottest of the whole year, and "the leafy month of June" a winter month.

With the seasons coming and going in this topsy-turvy fashion it is clear that the words, phrases, similes, and illustrations of our northern poetry must be read and interpreted amongst all English Colonists in the southern hemisphere rather by the light of a sympathetic imagination than by actual experience. All those appeals in spring and summer to familiar sights and sounds upon which so many of our poets' brightest fancies are built, can have little or no force below the Equator. Between us lie the Doldrums, and the strange regions of the south-east Trades, and the Roaring Forties, and the great barriers of space. Even along the same parallels, westward or eastward, the familiar species of birds will disappear, and others take their places. Mr. James Lowell, in his 'Study Windows,' writes a charming chapter on "My Garden Acquaintances," somewhat after the manner of Gilbert White's 'Natural History of Selborne,' on which, in fact, he bases the reason for his essay. But, as we read, how alien is the scenery! how strange the nomenclature! Who, in a popular sense, can know or care in England for the bobolink, the cross-bills, cedar-birds, cat-birds, yellow-birds, whip-poor-wills, and others? They evoke no associations; they claim no sympathy. Virgil and Anacreon speak more plainly to us from the South than the American poets from the West. Spring comes up to us from the South and across the Mediterranean. The narcissus, violet, and jonquil, which we hear of as blooming along the Riviera, will presently bloom with us; and the spring notes of the Alps are, a little later on, our spring notes also. And when Horace alludes feelingly to the heat in the autumn of September hours, he alludes to a fact we all can appreciate. The songs of natural life and the music of nature vary according to latitude and longitude. More than any other poetry, that of England is strictly autochthonic, and smacks of the soil.

In the rendering of simple English and Scotch ballads the words often seem to lose their force abroad. In treeless, conti-

mental and somewhat barren spaces in Africa and Australia, the songs that tell of island scenery, rough seas, and a sailor's life, must be scarcely intelligible to the Colonist born and bred there. The "Brave old Oak" is simply the rendering of a pleasing fancy in music; and if a young lady appeals pathetically to the "Wind of the Western Seas," or to the "Swallows flying South," in a country like the Cape Colony, where even in mid-winter swallows skim and hawk over the pools, neither the fact nor sentiment is true. In poetical phraseology some words by their use and association belong only to England and to a northern county. In hot and subtropical zones can the English Colonist understand all that is meant by the word "mere," when used by Tennyson, "loch," by Scott, "fell," by Wordsworth, "combe," by a West Country poet, together with all the peculiar and characteristic local colouring implied in each, without first having seen the hills and valleys and plains of the mother country? To give the strongest impression and to store up the strongest associations, the eye must have seen and the mind must have received on the spot. No skylark sings at the Cape in spring, and when the Colonist reads Shelley's masterpiece, with all its magic and descriptive rhythm, the words and phrasing may strike him as exquisitely musical, but the subtle sympathy with the poet from having seen as he has seen, and felt as he has felt, will be wanting. For the same reason, because he has never felt or known its breath coming softly and quietly one day after a frosty spell that has held earth enchained, Keats' "Ode to the West Wind" will fall flat. For the Colonist has never heard how:

"The azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill,
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air),
With living hues and odours, plain and hill."

or how the nightingale

"In some melodious plot
Of beeches green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease."

So too the musk rose, "Mid-May's eldest child," and the "pastoral eglantine," and hawthorne are all strangers. True, it may be that there are other plants and other more magnificent flowers clustering in the wilderness, but no local name endears them, no sacred bard has sung of them. They perish in crowds

like the common fighting men of Achilles' host, unsung and unknown. Izaak Walton and Gilbert White must prate to the Colonists of unknown streams, unknown woods and unknown birds and fishes. Between the home-born and colonial-born there must be some great gulf in literature fixed. A common citizenship will not give to the fullest extent a common poetry. The green turf of England, cared for and nurtured for centuries, watered by the dews and rains of our sky, cannot be reproduced abroad. The long lanky quick grass springs up instead, and the veldt and desert of the emigrant remain unreclaimed.

A patriotic love for old associations long outlasts the moments of expatriation and exile. Sir Francis Head, in his 'Emigrant,' a descriptive book of Canadian life, tells an extremely pathetic story of a poor emigrant, a cobbler, who took abroad with him an English skylark. The crew were shipwrecked, but the cobbler managed to save his lark and keep it for three days on the open sea in an old stocking. When the cobbler was settled in business in the Colony, his constant companion was this little bird, which sang merrily in its wicker cage, and kept always a large audience spell-bound to listen to his inspired note. And the effect of such a note upon the emigrants' ears can only be imagined by those who have known what home sickness means. The cobbler was offered three hundred dollars for his lark—once a poor Sussex carter offered him all he had in the world for it, but the cobbler was not to be tempted. When he died, Sir Francis Head bought his bird and kept it for some time, and, upon his leaving Canada, gave it to Daniel Orris, a faithful and loyal friend. Some time afterwards the lark died, and Sir Francis Head had it stuffed and put in a case, with the inscription:—

"This lark, taken to Canada by a poor emigrant, was shipwrecked in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and after singing at Toronto for nine years, died there on the 14th of March, 1843, "universally regretted. Home! Home! sweet Home!"

So I have heard in the fore-castle of a Cape steamer on more than one occasion a poor captive thrush giving at intervals on the wild seas the notes we have heard so often along the hedgerows of old England. The association is very pathetic and touching, but after the first generation of Colonists have passed away, a generation that know not these things will arise, to whom the songs of English country life are, at the best, a mere echo and a pleasing wonder.

In the syllabus of subjects set for Colonial examinations, especially in the department of English poetry, one often wonders how the allusions to English spring and summer life are read by the imaginative Colonist. The scenery to them is, I think, the scenery of wonder and of fairy land; the landscape is remote and dreamy; the air soft, and redolent with old traditions; our ivied walls and grey buttresses, covered with the mosses and lichens they have never seen, are viewed much in the same way as we look back here in England upon the pictures of men and things moving in a romantic and distant historical background. The Colonist has one perspective, we possess another. His is the glamour of distance, ours is the glamour of time. England, the mother country, lying in misty northern seas, where the cold light struggles fitfully in spring-time upon the earth, dimly and gradually, not with the full burst of subtropical spring or summer, is nevertheless the Delphi of the race, the centre of all heroic and archæological lore. So from afar there is an idealization of all things English, even of the English spring. And doubtless idealization is a motive power of patriotism.

But the Cape early summer, although it cannot speak to us in the old familiar ways, nor birds sing, nor rivers murmur, is, nevertheless, very beautiful in certain places. Of all places in South Africa, whether you adventure to the Bluff in Natal, to the sweeping plains of the High Veldt, or, lower down, to the ridges of the Boschberg and the Zuurberg in the Cape Colony, and even to Worcester and Ceres further west, or to the forest country of Knysna on the south, the Cape Peninsula, in this season especially, must carry off the palm. The most beautiful tree that South Africa can boast, the silver tree (*Leucodendron argentea*), is found only on and near this peninsula, and as far as concerns the flora of this tract, no place that I know of in Africa can surpass it. A mountain like Table Mountain, rising up straight from the sea for 3560 feet, as high as Snowdon, is presumably a guarantee of floral wealth in subtropical grandeur. Along its slopes and valleys and flat subsidences, off-lying spurs and shore buttresses, the actual number of rare and beautiful plants is perhaps not to be equalled in any similar place in the world. There are the quaint Proteas, with their broad stiff leaves and ribbed bark, looking like an ancient growth of a former age. One of the most peculiar kinds is the *Protea cynaroides*, growing close to the ground and having one large pink blossom. In Miss North's well-known gallery of typical flowers

the *Protea mimetes* occupies a conspicuous place. Along the more level plans of the mountain the eye will be delighted with fields of the red and pink *Watsonia*, the lilac selago, the saffron marigold (really an *arctotes*), and thousands of Cape everlastings growing as thick as daisies in an English meadow and of all hues, from the well-known pure white variety, which flourishes in huge clumps, to the rarer and more solitary straw-coloured and red. In the more retired and fertile meadows and glades, the wild arum, grown so often in England, will flower in profusion, lighting up the dark nooks with its pure white flower. Heaths are there in legion, the Cape Peninsula boasting of no less than sixty kinds, from the deep scarlet to the *Erica viridis*, the green and sticky kind. It is the very home of heaths. Amongst them will be found orchids of all descriptions, there being more than sixty varieties in the Cape Peninsula, many of which would be the pride and glory of an orchid house in England. There they grow along the peaty wind-swept depressions of Table Mountain, "born to blush unseen." There is a stream on the summit of Table Mountain known as the Disa stream, whose sides are covered with the glorious and delicately-veined blossom of the *Disa grandiflora*, a place to be carefully guarded and preserved as the natural home of one of the loveliest wild flowers in the world. Turn to the broken crags and ledges of this wonderful region, and hosts of the blue agapanthi will nod their welcome to you, and beneath them the thickly-bunched scarlet crassula blush deep and red. By the pools here and there, where the tall yellow trees maintain a struggling life (for the sacrilegious axe and the match of the forest incendiary have been here), the huge umbrella-shaped tree-ferns will stand in Druidical circles, making the dark recesses still more gloomy.

Among the humbler blossoms are the blue lobelias, the pale pink petals of the *Droseræ* or dew-plants, entrapping with their viscous substance the unwary flies, the oxalis, the yellow ixiæ, and last, not least, the silky blossoms of the twining mesanbryanthemum, gloriously expansive to the morning sun, but closing their eyes when evening comes on. The plant itself, of which there are thirty kinds, fulfils a most useful function in the level and depressed stretches of the Cape Peninsula along "the Flats" where the sea-breezes blow the sand from the shore. With its long and succulent arms it clasps the roving drifts and dunes and prevents their shifting from place to place, enveloping their white snowy-looking masses with deep green bunches. It loves

especially to spread close to the water, and cover where it can the bare deformities of the barren rock. Amongst its roots the lizard and klip salamander hatch their eggs, and make their cosy homes, venturing forth from time to time upon the rock.

Time passes pleasantly on the first summer days, the sun being not yet too hot, and the atmosphere feeling especially bracing along the uplands. Evening comes upon you quickly, and the subtle fragrance of the *Abend bloem*, or night gladiolus, is distilled around as the sun reaches the horizon. There will be little or no twilight, and, in a short time, you may see, if you linger on the mountain paths, the long lines of phosphorescent waves breaking on the beach below. The botanical madness, when once it seizes its victims, can be cured by no Anticyra, nor will even the hellebore bring relief. Of physical difficulties by flood and field the Cape botanists have thought nothing whilst collecting the countless floral treasures. Thunberg, Sparrman and Burchell are all names which recall hard privations and almost marvellous exertions amongst the mountains and on the veldt of South Africa. Old Thunberg enumerates his perils by land and perils by water, as if his mission were a sacred one, but all was undergone, viz. the "Alpes altos, præcipitia montium, sylvas inconditas et gentes feroces," in order to advance in his own language the *amabilis scientia* which gives a *lingua Franca* and a common object to all. Still, however wonderful the display of botanical wealth on Table Mountain and elsewhere in South Africa, it lacks the one saving virtue of old association. Of those marvellously beautiful eyes that look up at you from the earth, there is no familiar one. There are no buttercups, daffodils, ragged robins, fox-gloves, white cuckoo-flower, dandelions, stitchwort and all the rest. Above all, there are no sweet-singing thrushes, mellow blackbirds, or tiny wrens, nightingales or chaffinches, only the Bok-ma-kerie.

Early summer at the Cape is short. As ambrosial night comes down quickly, so does ambrosial summer. Just in September and October there is an interval between the north-west gales prevalent in winter, and the regular south-east Trades. Later on in the summer the south-east, called the "Capetown doctor," is a particularly annoying and vexatious wind, raising clouds of red dust in the streets and suburbs. Along the green and sprouting hedges it soon works wild havoc. A single rough day will destroy all the tender and delicate bloom of spring, and wither up the foliage, the wind being dry and thirsty. This wind

comes when the skies are cloudless, and not the least extraordinary phenomenon to an English eye, accustomed to storms with driving mist and hail, will be a south-east gale, with a high barometer and a perfectly clear sky, the cærulean depths of which seem fathomless. The face of Table Mountain reflects faithfully the changes that succeed one another rapidly. First of all, the meadows at its base are green, full of the leaves of the wild arum ; next, the poplars grow green and in a wonderfully short space of time, along its slopes, the Kuerboem puts forth its sweet-scented flowers like a vetch. Ere this has blossomed the proteas enfolded in their outer cases will unrol themselves in hosts, and invite the green honey-birds to dip their long curved beaks into their cloying depths ; the hedges of plumbago will look like bands of light blue, and presently the sloping vineyards planted in neat and orderly rows will sprout with tender shoots. In the midst of sloping fir-woods and the avenues of budding oak, these patches of cultivated plots will show clearly and distinctly in all their neatness from the heights of Table Mountain. So, little by little, the old mountain, from lowest spur to highest peak, surrenders to the advent of summer, and the line of green mounts higher every day.

Perhaps the most beautiful sight to be seen along the slopes is that of the silver tree, already noticed as the most rare and beautiful production of Table Mountain. Its flat, hard leaf, tapering beautifully to an apex, and covered with a soft silky down, is well known in England as an ornament and decoration. Its surface will take colours very easily, and on large specimens miniature paintings of Table Mountain can be depicted. The tree has a beautiful shape, with regular branching boughs on every side, and curious white thick-ribbed bark creasing the trunk. Perhaps it is hardly to be dignified as a tree, its height and proportions being those of a shrub. The foliage is its particular glory. Each leaf is a quivering shaft of silver light, and radiates with a soft and creamy gloss when the African sun strikes upon it. The English white poplar, when the west wind turns its leaves to the sun, is a beautiful sight, but the silver tree is far more beautiful. Both sides of its leaf are equally bright and as the trees stand in groups and lines upon the hill side, they flash like burnished shields of light. Their boughs that tinkle in the breeze are a fit sight to propitiate Proserpine.

We stand in other climes and watch the play of myriad life. Strange butterflies float across, winged beetles flash, and new

coleoptera crawl lazily from leaf to leaf. Perhaps the freshly budding garden is not without its dangers, for puff-adders, sheep-stingers, night-adders, ringed snakes, asps and cobras, come from their winter abodes and glide in and out the stones, bright in the summer sun. The tree-snake clings like a green band around its branch, and the mole-snake hunts its prey in the sand. On the veldt the solemn long-legged secretary bird is peering into every bush for his prey, and high aloft, like the smallest specks in the heavens, the vultures or aasvogels swing in airy circles. There are a million coruscations of light out in the veldt, a chequered carpet of thousands of spring flowers, a glittering mirage along the surface, and in the air the hum of invisible wings. But whilst we see so much that is new and lustrous in this wild nature, we miss much. We miss the immemorial elm, the spreading oak, the hedgerows neat and green, the may-blossoms, the horse-chestnuts, the running stream, the deep pastures, and the rich soft look of a real English summer day. But it is very beautiful here. There is the brilliancy of a clarior æther, the splash of the southern wave, and the aspect of the country, especially along the slopes of the Cape Peninsula, which suggest visions of classical Italy and Sicily. Yonder is the sloping vineyard, here the sweet whispering pines, close by the singing *cicadae*, industriously chirping as of old in sleepy Morea or Calabria; out along the edge of the tide is poised the bending figure of an old and swarthy fisherman casting his line far out into the waves, the very counterpart of the picture on the embossed cup of Thyrsis, immortalised by Theocritus; just above us on the hills are a flock of goats climbing along the rocks on the sunny side of the hill, which the lizards love, butting and playing with one another as *petulci hirci* have from the beginning of all time, and, close by them, is the native goat-herd or caprarius, lazily weaving a rushen mat or singing idly, a fit figure for the idyllic scene. It is the very land for Strephon and Menalcas. Presently, as evening falls, and you have finished your ramble, you will see him collect his wandering and vagrant flock, chiding them and rebuking them the while, each one by name, and fold them in the kraal or compound down below.

"Ite domum, venit Hesperus ite capellæ."

WILLIAM GRESWELL.

That Fiddler Fellow.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.



CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Mr. Mattei called, bringing the little dagger to show to Miss Macpherson, he but narrowly missed meeting young Ensign Craigie. What the result of such meeting might have been one cannot say, but the young soldier's mood had greatly changed since the previous day, and it was ostensibly to beg his lady-love's pardon for his exhibition of ungoverned temper that he called at the old house on the cliff before going out on his round of golf. Mr. Macpherson was in when he arrived, but soon went out, having an early engagement.

Edith was not long obdurate when she found her lover a suppliant for her pardon, and the peace was soon sealed in the most approved manner.

"And you will come for a walk with me to-night, will you not, dear?" the young soldier pleaded humbly.

"Yes, but you must not come so often to the house, George—it makes me shy with the servants. Summon me by the old 'whaup' whistle, as you used to, and I will meet you on the little cliff-path."

So, with blissful anticipations of the evening walk, the lover went off to his golf matches.

As the day wore away, the darkness and utter stillness, save for the swashing waves, of a late autumn evening enshrouded the old house upon the cliff. On a sudden a shrill whistle, as of the "whaup" or curlew, rent the air and was borne to Edith Macpherson in her room. Quickly she ran downstairs and to the door. Hurrying out she gave a startled exclamation as she came nearly into collision with a passer-by. Passers-by were rare at such a time and place.

"Oh!" she said, with pleased surprise, "it is you, Mr. Mattei! Were you coming in?" she asked, with less pleasure.

"Not at all, my dear Miss—I was but taking an evening stroll. Is it not still? And whither do you go at so late an hour—some half-past six?"

"No—no, not so late as that, Mr. Mattei," said the girl, thanking the darkness which hid her blushes. "Half-past five, I think."

"Nay—six, my dear Miss, if you will pardon me," the foreigner persisted. "Your watch has possibly misled you. Good-night, my dear Miss," he added, bowing, as he passed on.

"Can it be as he says—that it is so late?" the girl asked herself.

She re-opened the unbolted door, and by the light of the oil-lamp that swung in the entrance hall examined an old-fashioned watch which she drew from her girdle.

"No," she said, "half-past five—I thought so—and yet"—and as she spoke she glanced at a large-faced clock in the hall—"yet that is half-past six. What can it mean?"

She again hurried from the house and went round to the other side where, beside the ruined castle, the little cliff path led down upon the beach, and this time she was met by no one, not even by him whom she had hoped to meet.

She looked down the path, and around. She called in a loud stage-whisper "George!" but there was no answer, save the cold waves splashing on the beach below.

"Surely that was his whistle," she said to herself; "and yet, why was he so late, if indeed it is half-past six?"

As she listened, a light east wind came up, with a moan, out of the North Sea: the girl shivered.

"It's no good waiting," she said to herself, and turned and went lingeringly back into the house. She felt strangely wearied and despondent, and sorely puzzled about the behaviour of her fallacious time-piece and her defaulting lover. But she said nothing, that evening, to her father, of either the one or the other.

The following morning father and daughter were at breakfast when a note was brought in. "Oh yes," said Mr. Macpherson opening it. "It's from the fiddler fellow, asking if he left that dagger thing of his here. Go, and get it, Edith. You put it away in safety somewhere, did you not?"

The girl knew where she had put it. She went direct to her

room and to the drawer in which she had placed it, and unlocking the drawer with a key at her watch-chain, had half stretched out her hand to take out the dagger—so clearly pictured in her mind's eye was its exact position in the drawer—when a single careless glance revealed to her that it had gone! Yes, it was not there—there was no disputing the fact. She could hardly trust her eyesight. She groped round the drawer—but no—it had vanished from the one sense equally as from the other. There were no two words about it—the dagger had gone. And she was absolutely certain that she had put it there! And the key of the drawer, which she had found locked, had been on her watch-chain, from which she had not parted, all the while.

She made a search, for form's sake, in all the receptacles in her room in which she might conceivably have put the dagger, having all the while in her mental vision the dagger lying in the drawer which she had unlocked and vainly searched. Then she went downstairs and told her father of her loss. He received her account with the kind but transparent concealment of incredulity with which one would be likely to receive such a story. In his heart he thought she must be mistaken as to where she had put it. The servants were called up, but they had seen nothing of the little weapon. Mr. Macpherson insisted on Edith's making a second, equally vain, search in her room, and the matter ended by an answer being sent to Mr. Mattei to the effect that he was right in supposing that he had left the dagger behind but that it had since been unaccountably mislaid.

An hour or so later Mr. Macpherson was making his preparations for starting for a round of golf when old Mr. Craigie was shown into the parlour, his usually imbrowned visage saddened by a bluish tinge, which with him was a certain indication of mental trouble. Mr. Macpherson appreciated this, and at once asked him, "What is it, my old friend—anything amiss?"

"Why yes," he answered, "it's that young scamp George that's amissing. He threw down my best horse only the other day, and I gave him such a rowing, perhaps he's rightly ashamed of himself, for he never turned up at home all last night. So I thought I'd look in and see if you or Miss Edith could give me any word of him?"

"No, I've seen nothing of him since yesterday morning," Mr. Macpherson said. "I don't know if Edith has any later news?" he added, turning to the girl. The latter had grown suddenly very pale.

"No, Daddy," she said. "I have not seen him since yesterday morning either.

A sickening fear took possession of her. Could he in the darkness of the previous evening have missed his footing on the little cliff path and been dashed to pieces on the rocks below? She hurried from the room on the first opportunity, and all in a tremble went to the cliff head and peered anxiously down. She could see nothing to justify her fears. Then she ran quickly down the familiar path, steep though it was, at each step growing more reassured, until she came to the bottom and found to her inexpressible relief that her terrible suspicion was groundless.

Meanwhile Mr. Macpherson, abandoning his projected golf match, was accompanying Mr. Craigie in his search for his missing son. They made enquiries at the harbour, where George was well known to all the fishermen, but so calm had it been the previous evening that no boats of any sort had put to sea. It was not in that way that the young soldier had taken his unceremonious departure. They enquired at the "Black Bull," but he had not taken horse or post thence.

The mystery grew darker. The means for getting away from St. Andrews were strictly limited, yet he appeared to have availed himself of none of these means, neither was he to be heard of in St. Andrews itself. He was proved to have played two rounds of golf, occupying him till half-past four, on the previous evening. He had chatted with some friends for half an hour or so more, but what had since become of him none could say.

When Mr. Macpherson returned home, some time after mid-day, Edith met him at the door with a face of questioning anxiety. He had, however, no news to give her. Not a word had he or Mr. Craigie been able to learn of the young Ensign. Then the girl told him of how she had gone forth hoping to meet her lover on the previous evening, but had failed to find him. When she spoke of her unexpected encounter with Mr. Mattei the old man started.

"What could Mr. Mattei have been doing there at such an hour?" he asked when she had finished.

"Oh, he was just out for a stroll I fancy, Daddy. Why, you do not mean"—the girl went on with a look of growing horror on her face, as she caught the drift of the question—"you do not mean that you think he could in any way—that he could have harmed George?"

"Indeed I hardly know what I think," the old man said gravely. "You see we know that Mr. Mattei had cause for a grudge against George after his behaviour the other night. Stay," he added, as if a sudden thought had struck him, "you say you heard George's whistle?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"And he was to meet you on the little cliff path?"

The girl nodded.

Without saying anything the old man went from the room. The girl went to another room in the house whence she could look out sea-wards. She thought she knew whither her father was going. Yes—he appeared round the house, he went to the cliff path, he looked over it, he began to descend it—not as she had done, but slowly and painfully. Yes, the same suspicion had occurred to him as had suggested itself to her—that her lover's body might be lying smashed to death at the cliff's foot—only with this added horror, that he had been precipitated thither by the vengeful hand of the Italian. Happily she could be confident that her father would find no confirmation—nay, even disproof—of his suspicion.

Presently the old man reappeared, slowly mounting the steep path again. When he came back to the house he said to the girl, "The sea never comes quite up to the foot of the cliff under here, does it, Edith?"

"No, never,"

"Thank Heaven!" the old man ejaculated fervently.

Neither said any further, but each knew that their understanding was mutual. There seemed naught to be done. It could not be learnt that the young soldier had expressed any intention of suddenly absenting himself. The very fact of the appointment which he had made, and failed to keep, was direct evidence to the contrary. Probably, Mr. Macpherson and his daughter thought, the latter had been mistaken in supposing that she heard her lover's whistle at so late an hour. More likely it was the cry of the very sea-bird whose note it was meant to imitate. The fact of the girl's watch having gained a whole hour was a curious circumstance, but watches are tricky things. It was a trivial fact of no consequence. She wondered how the afternoon had slipped away so quickly, but the error in her time-piece would help to explain this. It would make her think she had been quicker over whatever trivialities she had been busied in than had actually been the case.

Old Mr. Craigie gave information to the police officials, and so the matter stood for the time being, while most expected the speedy reappearance of the young Ensign with some unanticipated but sufficient reason for his "absence without leave."

Nevertheless Mr. Macpherson, nursing in his heart some secret and undefinable suspicion of this foreigner of dubious antecedents, Mr. Mattei, made it his business quietly to enquire how the latter had passed the evening on which George Craigie had last been seen. His enquiries all tended to show that his unformed suspicions were of no foundation. During the whole evening, until a late hour, the Italian had been playing chess at the house of a friend. He had indeed left the house for a few moments only—"to cool his head by a walk in the air"—as he had stated, during the course of which walk it doubtless was that he had encountered Miss Macpherson as she was leaving her father's house. But he had been but a few moments absent—long enough, as it might seem, to have accomplished a speedy crime, such as that of which it was conceivable that young Craigie had fallen the victim, but certainly not long enough to have effected its concealment. Moreover it so happened that evidence was ready to hand to show that Mr. Mattei had gone straight to his house when he left his party of chess; it was only on arriving at his lodgings that he discovered himself to have lost his little dagger, a loss which had so greatly disturbed him that he had called up the landlady, and all the servants, and insisted on their assisting him in a vain search. The landlady was virtually certain that he had not left the house later than this.

These enquiries were all made by Mr. Macpherson, of course without avowal of their true motive, but they all tended in one direction, namely, to show that Mr. Mattei could have had no possible hand in any foul play of which young Craigie might have been the victim.

Father and daughter sat very silent that evening in the old house on the cliffs. They had seen nothing that day of Mr. Mattei. Edith sat by the window. She had pulled the blind aside and gazed fixedly out into the darkness. Her father watched the beautiful outline of the too delicate face silhouetted against the black night. The fair hair in the lamplight was palest golden, like over-ripe corn. What was the girl watching in the darkness of the night?

Mr. Macpherson, whom these abstracted moods of the girl's always filled with vague anxiety, spoke sharply from his chair : "Did you say anything about the dagger to the fiddler fellow when you met him?"

"No, Daddy," she said, "I did not think of it. And you see he had not then found out that he had lost it. Oh, where can it be, I wonder—and where can he be—George? Is it not curious," said the girl, coming and piteously clasping her father's arm, "that they should have disappeared together? Oh, it is so wretched! It all seems so mysterious. And why did my watch go wrong like that? You see, Daddy, I do not believe George ever came to meet me at all last night, for when he found I did not come—if I had not heard his whistle or anything—he would have come to the house for me. I cannot understand it at all."

"No, nor I either, my girl," said the father, stroking the fair head lovingly and pretending ignorance of the tears in the large blue eyes. "We can only hope that to-morrow may bring him to us safe and sound."

CHAPTER V.

The morn, however, brought no news—no change, save an increased anxiety as the time since George Craigie was last seen grew longer. Nor was any suggestion forthcoming of a conceivably useful direction for the making of further enquiries. All possible means of investigation were soon exhausted, and nothing remained but a settled and gloomy impossibility of action.

But on this morning the links of St. Andrews were all alive. What was this Royal and Ancient Golf Club at that period? It was mainly composed of gentry of the Kingdom of Fife, who in each other's well known and well tried society gathered on the links of St. Andrews to do battle in the game of golf. On this particular morning an eager group was gathered around the tee discussing two topics of prevailing interest—the disappearance of young Ensign Craigie and the prospect of an immediately forthcoming golf match. These fairly divided their attention. For Mr. Macpherson, our friend of the house on the cliff, was to play a great, long-arranged match with one Mr. McFivart, baillie of Cupar. Both were golfers of known skill and experience. McFivart had the advantage in comparative youth and in the

length of his drives, which were terrific ; but Macpherson was noted for the old-fashioned steadiness of his all-round play and for his deadly short game.

The connoisseurs were laying slight odds upon Mr. Macpherson, for there was a fair breeze from the north-west, against the outgoing holes, and this would, it was thought, play sad tricks with McFivart's long but often erratic driving.

At the fifth hole out, however, the players stood all even. McFivart's first drive to the sixth hole was a very poor one, but he lay well, and again taking his driver, and pressing for a long shot, hit a tremendous drive in point of length, but pulled further into the whins than perhaps any present had seen a ball pulled before. The whins, moreover, then grew far thicker and far higher than they do to-day.

Macpherson chuckled, and the crowd laughed as McFivart, followed by a few of the spectators, went in among the whins in search of his ball. They scattered awhile, looking for it. Then they clustered together for some minutes in one place.

"He'll surely ha'e got an awfu' queer lie," said Macpherson's caddie, with a grin, to his master.

Presently McFivart came out alone, without having attempted to play his ball. His face was set and very white.

"Come here," he said to Macpherson ; "come and see !"

His opponent followed, so impressed by his manner that he did not say a word ; and most of the spectators followed also, for the most part in silence.

Those who were already on the scene to which McFivart was leading the way, were standing in a circle looking down at something on the ground in their midst. As the two players came up, the circle parted asunder, and Macpherson saw a shapeless thing lying upon the grass. Another step forward showed him it was the body of a man—the next he identified it as that of George Craigie.

It was scarcely necessary to examine closely to see that he was dead—long dead. The sand was crusted upon his curling hair, and a bent waved over his face.

Mr. Macpherson knelt down over the body, all seeming to recognize his as the chief part in this scene—Mr. Craigie being absent, and the boy the betrothed lover of Mr. Macpherson's girl.

And there he lay, dead—and how had he died ? Macpherson

lifted the arm ; it was cold and stiff. A stain on the waistcoat attracted his attention. He unbuttoned the waistcoat, and shrank back with an exclamation of horror, for the shirt was stiffened and crimsoned with cold blood.

"By heavens," Mr. Macpherson exclaimed, "there has been foul work here !"

There was little to be said, and what few words were spoken were mostly in whispered dialogue. A kind of stretcher was formed of sticks and coats, and thus a silent, horror-struck procession began its way back, with the body in its midst, a marked contrast to the eager golfing party that had set out.

It was McFivart's laughably wild drive that had revealed part of the secret of poor young Craigie's disappearance. Thus does the tragic follow hard upon the ridiculous.

It was decided to bear the body to the Black Bull Hotel, and this point determined, Mr. Macpherson hurried on, ahead of the procession, on a cruel errand—to break to poor Edith the news of her lover's fate.

Nature is merciful to women in their weakness. When he told the girl, as gently as he could, the fearful news, she went into a faint, from which he was in no hurry to arouse her. On coming to herself, she was wildly tearful, but strove to subdue her dreadful sobs as she tried to ask how they had found him, and how he had died.

Her father tried to put her off, but it was no good ; and in the end he had to confess to her that he thought her lover must have met his death through some foul means. He had said little to those around, as he leant over the body, but under the shirt and all the cold stiffened life-blood, he had seen a small scarcely perceptible wound, as of a small pointed instrument.

Before Mr. Macpherson could leave the poor girl, old Mr. Craigie had learnt the news and been down to the hotel, and a mounted messenger had been sent post-haste to inform the authorities, the Procurator-Fiscal and the rest of them. And in the course of the day, the body had been inspected by the doctor, and the spot on which the body had been found had been inspected—both officially and by numbers of persons led by mere idle curiosity. The conclusion that all parties appeared to have arrived at was, that George had been murdered by stabbing in the heart by some person or persons unknown. It

did not seem like a common ruffian's doing, for his watch and all his belongings were on him, so that the motive was as obscure as the man.

But yet Mr. Macpherson knew of a man who had a motive—that foreigner. He knew he hated George Craigie! He knew, too, that he had a weapon which might very well have inflicted such a wound as that which the poor young fellow's body bore—that very little dagger with the gem, which had so mysteriously disappeared. And yet, though he was owner of it, it had disappeared under such circumstances as made it appear utterly impossible that he could have had it in his possession—nor, as all evidence went to prove, could he have been absent sufficiently long to have been out at the sixth hole to do for poor George Craigie. The doctor's evidence showed that almost of a certainty it was on that first night of George's disappearance, when Edith Macpherson was to have met him, that he had found his death. Mr. Macpherson had made a pretext of anxiety to learn some news about the lost dagger, to go to the house where the foreigner lived and question the landlady; and her answers showed conclusively that her lodger had not left the house after arousing all of them to help him look for the dagger.

Curiously enough, seeing that the wound was fair in front, all agreed that there was no sign of a struggle having taken place before George went down. He must have succumbed at once, at one stab, with his enemy face to face before him.

It was in the course of the same afternoon that Mr. Macpherson, happening to meet the Italian violinist, asked him point-blank, "Have you any more of those daggers like the one you showed me?"

"Ah, no, my dear sir—nothing at all of the sort," he said. "I believe it is unique."

"It must have been something very like that with which George Craigie was stabbed."

"With something almost identical, from what I hear," he said. "Ah, it has occurred to me too—your own thought—that if we could discover who had that dagger on that night we might be near to discover who killed that poor Mr. Craigie."

And all St. Andrews, that sombre, old, solemn town of venerable associations, was moved to its foundations by this crime in its midst, the like of which had not been known since days which had become historic. Not a student in the

University, not a golfer on the links, but had his theory, all totally inadequate.

In the unrest of forced inaction, St. Andrews awaited the coming of the Procurator-Fiscal, a Scottish legal official whose functions closely resemble those of the *juge d'instruction* in France.

The Fiscal arrived, and immediately began his preliminary enquiries—in the language of the country, began “taking precognitions.”

CHAPTER VI.

The Fiscal commenced with old Mr. Craigie's deposition ; but from him there was to be learned but little—simply that he had lost his son, that he had begun to search for him when he did not come home that night, that his search had been absolutely unsuccessful all the following day, and that he saw nothing of his son until he was brought to the dead body as it lay in the “Black Bull” parlour.

The Fiscal next took McFivart's deposition relating to the finding of the body among the whins where he was searching for his terrifically erratic golf ball. McFivart deposed that there was no evidence of a struggle having taken place, or of the body having been dragged thither from a distance. Further than this he had no evidence to offer.

Mr. Macpherson was next called upon, having been the first to make any examination of the body, and to discover the nature of the wound that had doubtless caused death.

The Fiscal questioned him, as he had already questioned Mr. Craigie, as to whether there was any of whom he could think as having a grudge against the poor boy. His father had been able to say no ; but Mr. Macpherson deemed it only his duty to tell the Fiscal of what had taken place at his house between young Craigie and the violinist. He took care to say that he did not allow himself to suspect anybody, but that he simply mentioned the facts of a little quarrel that had taken place in his own house.

The Fiscal next proceeded to put some searching questions with regard to the late mutual relations of the two young lovers. He was anxious to discover whether the girl had had any disagreement with young Craigie, if her father thought she had perhaps given him cause for displeasure by her conduct with the

violinist. Mr. Macpherson was rather nettled at the question. He said no, that he could not conceive that it could have been so. "At all events," he said, "I don't see that that could help to account in any way for his death."

"Only upon one supposition," said the Fiscal.

"What supposition?"

"Only on the supposition of suicide."

"Suicide!" Mr. Macpherson repeated. This was quite a new idea to him.

"Ah, but," he said, after a moment of reflection. "If it had been suicide the weapon would have been found in his breast."

"Probably," said the Fiscal; "but it is just possible that by a last dying effort he might have pulled forth the dagger, or whatever it was, and thrown it among the whins where it would not be likely to be found."

"Well," Mr. Macpherson said, "it is possible, but I do not think it at all likely."

"Do you know when your daughter last saw Mr. Craigie?" the Fiscal asked.

Mr. Macpherson told him that George had called at his house on the morning of his death, and that he and the girl then seemed on the best of terms. To be sure, he told him, he had gone out and left them alone, so that it was not altogether impossible that they might have had some little difference after he went, but he had never heard a word of it. "But no," he said further, "it could not have been even so, for I now remember that my girl had been going to meet the poor young fellow that very night, but her watch went all wrong and so misled her as to the time that she did not keep the appointment."

"She did not go to the appointment at all, do you mean?" he asked, "or that she went and found that he had grown tired of waiting?"

"Well," said the other, "she never actually got there, as I understand. She was to have met her lover on the little path leading down the cliff just before my house—but as she went out she met this very same fiddler fellow passing my door. He told her what the real time was, and hearing that, she just went to the cliff head, and seeing nothing of her lover came straight in again."

"She met this very man, did she? That was strange, was it not? I wonder if she talked long with him?"

"No, only just exchanged a word or two, as I understand."

"He is an agreeable fellow, as you say—this fiddler—and your daughter may have talked with him longer than she thought."

"Well," said he, "perhaps so, a little. But as it happened I had some little curiosity to know how the fiddler fellow spent his time that evening, and I have found that he was almost all the evening playing chess. I do not mean to say that he never left the room," he said, "for he evidently did, or he would not have met my girl; but he could not have been away for any length of time."

"Not very long, perhaps; but his opponent would not be a very close observer of the minutes that he was absent."

Mr. Macpherson had to admit the truth of this.

"And I think," the Fiscal continued, "that we have now arrived at a tolerably sufficient motive for considerable annoyance in young Mr. Craigie's mind, have we not?"

"I confess I do not see it."

"If I thought that you would not see it," he said, "I would not mention it to you, but on reflection you will. So I prefer to tell it you now, and ask you to keep it, if possible, from the knowledge of the world."

"The case stands thus. Young Craigie doubtless went to his appointment, which, you say, was on the cliff path close before your house. He waited there long, growing, we may imagine, more and more impatient. Just as he is thinking of giving up his sweetheart, and going home, he hears your door open. His heart beats in the expectation of its being at length her. But he sees—what? Her, indeed, but in company with the man whose rivalry he most fears. He watches. For a while they talk, possibly compare watches, which, by that dubious light, would need that they should come to close quarters. Then the man goes away, and the girl, with but a few steps and a passing glance in the direction of the man who has so long been waiting for her, goes back into the house."

"And he might, in consequence, have committed suicide, do you mean?" Mr. Macpherson said.

The Fiscal nodded. "Possibly," he said. "You see," he went on, seeing that the other still looked incredulous, "you must try to put yourself in the case of this young man and see how it would look to him. As it seems to me, it would have all the appearance of a studied insult on your daughter's part. The

most charitable construction he could put upon her conduct would be that she had forgotten all about him ; but a construction which he would be very apt to put upon it would be that she had expressly made this appointment with him, and then lingered, in his very sight, dallying with this other man, with the premeditated object of showing her lover how cheaply she held him. Is not that how it might very naturally have appeared to him ?”

“He would have rushed forward and have challenged the fiddler fellow on the spot,” said Mr. Macpherson.

“Possibly,” said the Fiscal, “but there is another possible view ; the position of the scorned lover is not a dignified one. It might well be that he would prefer to hold himself and his indignity in the background.”

Mr. Macpherson was silent. He was much struck with this entirely new aspect of the case, though still far from being convinced. “It seems to me,” he said, “an ingenious and plausible idea. How do you propose to prove it ?”

“Well,” the Fiscal admitted, “the evidence can be but circumstantial. I shall of course have every bush within a stone’s throw of where the body lay, carefully searched—there was no evidence of a struggle, or of the body having been moved after the infliction of the wound, you will observe. And I am sorry to say I must also take your daughter’s precognition. I can assure you I will do my best to distress her as little as possible and not to let her suspect the view I am at present obliged to take on the case. I may rely, I hope, on your discretion ?”

Mr. Macpherson of course promised to be silent, and went home to think it all over. He could not help thinking that George Craigie was rather the man to have killed the other than himself ; but on the other hand the Fiscal’s view partially explained what he had never before understood—how it was that George, when he found that the girl did not come, had not gone straight to the house to seek for her. It was quite natural that they should choose to meet elsewhere, if they were going for a walk, to spare themselves the impertinent gossip of servants ; but why, when the girl did not come, young Craigie had not gone to the house and inquired for her, had seemed inexplicable. But the Fiscal’s theory in a measure explained this difficulty, even if it left others.

When Mr. Macpherson came home, he told the girl about the

trial that was in store for her, and she answered tearfully that she would try her best to bear it bravely. He was at home when the summons came for her to go to the Fiscal, and waited anxiously for her return. She was some while gone, and when she came back looked pale and shaken.

"What a long time you have been!" he said.

"Oh, yes, Daddy," she said, "he asked me such a heap of questions."

"What did he ask you?" said her father.

"Oh, first," she said, "whether I and poor George were on good terms; whether we had not ever had some little disagreement or anything. What could have made him think that? And then he began to ask me how long I had been talking with Mr. Mattei in front of the house; and when I said only a minute at most, he did not seem to believe me till I repeated word for word all we had said—about my watch being so wrong and all that. And then when I told him how wrong my watch had been—you know it was quite an hour wrong—he seemed very much surprised and asked if it had ever lost all that much, on a sudden, before. And when I said no, he asked to look at the watch, and then he said he must ask me to allow him to keep it to show to a watchmaker and see if he can account for its going wrong. Of course I do not mind that, though I do not see the use of it," the poor girl said, "but it all seemed so funny. And then he asked me if I did not think it strange that poor George had not come up to the house to look for me, when he found that I did not come; and perhaps it was curious that he did not, but I suppose he thought something had happened to interfere with my coming, and so went home. It was no use my going on then. Indeed I did take a look down the path, but I am sure there was no one there. I told the Procurator Fiscal all that, and then I told him that I had really been so troubled afterwards about that extraordinary disappearance of Mr. Mattei's dagger that I had scarcely any thoughts for anything else. When I mentioned about the dagger he seemed to be very interested, and made me tell him everything I knew about it, and how it had disappeared, and all that—which was not much. He made me give him an exact description of the dagger. It seemed," she said, "as if he thought its disappearance might have something to do with poor George's death. I wonder if it possibly could? It is all so mysterious and dreadful," and the poor girl threw herself on her knees on the

ground and buried her face on her father's knees, to hide her sobs.

St. Andrews, you may be sure, was a sadly perturbed little city in those days of mystery and uncertainty. The society was so small that each man felt that to his neighbour he might himself be an object of suspicion. The opinion was mooted, and held most strongly in the part of the town where the fisher's cottages are, that young Ensign Craigie had been stabbed to death by some hand other than a mortal one. It boded no good that a young man should elect to meet the maiden of his choice at a spot of such ill omen as that cliff path which led almost to the very mouth of that subterranean passage which led who could say whither? For, of late, rumours of strange unearthly figures frequenting the cave's mouth in the twilight were even more rife than before, and it might well have happened that George Craigie had been stabbed to the death by some infernal instrumentality and borne off upon ghostly wings to where his corpse was found amongst the whins.

But the very day before that on which the inquest was fixed to be held, a strange rumour gained credence in St. Andrews. Edith Macpherson had disappeared in the dead of night! It was a bald fact surrounded by no startling circumstances. But from the servants at the old house on the cliff, and from accounts given in strictest confidence (and which became the common property of St. Andrews in the space of an hour) by Mr. Craigie of an interview which he had held with Mr. Macpherson, who denied himself to all the world beside, it appeared that the girl had absolutely vanished. She had gone to bed as usual the night before and in the morning she was gone; and what made the narrative yet more marvellous, though this portion of it was generally discredited, was that it was said that the door and window had both been found bolted upon the inside. In this, the speculators of St. Andrews concluded, there was doubtless some mistake, but there existed sufficient food for their speculations none the less, for none could say wherefore or whither the girl had vanished. It was the common opinion, though mooted only in confidential whispers, that her lover's tragic death had been too much for her brain and that she had thrown herself in despair over the cliff. A volunteer search party was even formed which explored all the foot of the cliff and went out to sea in boats, but nothing was discovered of the girl, alive or dead.

In the midst of which confusion and mystery and speculation, came, as if to increase the mystery, or possibly to shed a new light upon it, news from the Madras College, that that most polished and musical of professors of languages, Signor Mattei, was nowhere to be found. He too had gone to bed after his usual manner the previous evening, but was not in his room in the morning, neither could any one say whither he had gone. His disappearance, however, differed from that of Miss Edith Macpherson in that while the young lady was reported to have fled through bolted doors and windows, Signor Mattei had taken with him a small portmanteau, part of his wardrobe and a violin. The excitement in the grey and venerable University town was now positively at fever heat. The whole place resolved itself into a large Scotland Yard. Every man, woman, and child, was an amateur detective.

There were but two modes of exit from St. Andrews—one could post, by aid of the host of the "Black Bull," or one could go by sea, in a fishing-boat. No post had left the "Black Bull" on the night of the disappearance of Signor Mattei and Miss Edith Macpherson. Only one fishing-boat had that night sailed from the harbour. This boat had set out after nightfall, but there were many ready to "take their davy" and make many other protestations of a like nature that that fishing-boat had borne no passengers and merely her ordinary complement of crew.

Old Mr. Craigie found himself at this time a more popular man than he had ever before supposed himself to be. He alone was admitted to Mr. Macpherson's house, and from him outsiders hoped to get some clue to the mystery. But it was very little that he could tell them.

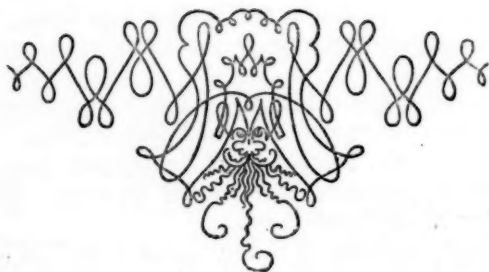
"Old Macpherson was in a very queer state," he said; "he was always saying that he heard music of a fiddle, when there was not any, and what between his troubles and the amount of whiskey which he was consuming in order to try to wash them down, it was Mr. Craigie's opinion that in a short time his old friend would put the finish upon this chapter of tragedies by laying violent hands on his own life also."

The inquest upon young George Craigie's body was held in order to satisfy the form of the law, but it failed to elicit anything more than the Fiscal's precognitions had done. An open verdict was returned, which the Fiscal did not seek in any way to affect, and he returned to his home at Cupar,

leaving the people of St. Andrews none the wiser for his learned visitation.

The days passed away and grew into weeks, and the weeks grew into months and the months into years, but no news came to enlighten St. Andrews as to the triple mystery which had so startlingly befallen it; and by degrees the names of George Craigie and Edith Macpherson and of Mr. Mattei grew to be forgotten, or to be remembered but as vague memories around which tradition had woven many an improbable tale.

(To be continued.)



Notes of the Month.

MR. STANLEY has been the hero of the month, just as his book will no doubt prove the sensation of the season. The Chief of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition has borne his honours with a fairly becoming modesty, although some critics have regretted that he has not given more praise to his fellow officers and his various assistants in the enterprise. Mr. Stanley has also refrained from saying much about the man whom he was sent out to save, which is perhaps as well for the character of that somewhat inscrutable German; but he has largely excited the geographical imagination by his accounts of a primeval race of pigmies, only four foot high, who have made their home in the vast and trackless forest of Darkest Africa.

The threatened Labour demonstrations at the beginning of May passed off, on the whole, as satisfactorily as could be desired. In foreign capitals the precautions taken by the various governments checked all tendencies to riot, although some local disturbances, which have occurred since, prove that there was no exaggeration of the possible danger. In London, the Sunday demonstration in Hyde Park proved with what self-control and orderliness the genuine English workman can conduct himself if only he be left alone. The present generation has hardly seen a more remarkable gathering than the 300,000 men, women, and children who crowded round the fifteen platforms arranged in the park. It was also satisfactorily proved, first, that English workmen are by no means agreed as to the legalised eight hours' day, and secondly, that the Social Democrats and followers of Mr. Hyndman are at present hopelessly out of the running. Mr. John Burns is probably by this time somewhat ashamed of his silly remark that the "Marseillaise" was more appropriate to the gathering than "God save the Queen."

Among the notable men who have died in the past four weeks there is no name more remarkable than that of James Nasmyth. He will of course be always identified with his invention of the steam hammer, which has now for many years served as a symbol of enormous strength combined with the most delicate exactitude of operation. Apart, however, from his great achievement, Nasmyth appears to have been a mechanical genius of the highest order, as well as a man of continuous

industry and blameless character through all the fourscore years of his life. His intellect might fairly be described as the genius of common sense, and his happy epigrammatic way of expressing himself in conversation will long be remembered by those who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance. One of his favourite definitions was that of genius as "a man's brains coming out at his finger ends."

The science of History is always making us re-form our conceptions of historical scenes. Its latest triumph is to disperse all the picturesque associations which have gathered round the last hours of monarchs and other notable personages who have perished on the scaffold. According to Mr. Palgrave, the block was not the stately pedestal which our imaginations have depicted as the last resting-place of romantic and unfortunate heads, but a dwarfed and pigmy piece of boarding, only a few inches high. We must therefore be content to picture to ourselves for the future the Royal Martyr, the beautiful Queen of Scots, and the girl-student of Plato, as stretched ignominiously in their dying moments along the floor in positions which are equally removed from artistic gracefulness and regal dignity.

May is the month for Picture Exhibitions; but the verdict of those who have conscientiously waded through the three principal galleries is that there is not much "promise of May." The Royal Academy affords, on the whole, a disappointing display, with one or two brilliant exceptions, somewhat few and far between. Amongst landscapes, there are just three which are really striking: "Summer-time in the Channel Islands," by Mr. Henry Moore; the "Moon is Up" of Sir John Millais, and "Our Village" of Professor Herkomer. Among portraits, probably the "Mrs. Agnew" of Mr. Luke Fildes beats the field, though here too there are notable contributions from the studios of Bushey. Mr. Alma Tadema's "Frigidarium" is pretty, but small. Mr. Collier's "Death of Cleopatra" is large and striking, but by no means agreeable. The President's pictures are in his usual style of exquisite but wholly unnatural beauty. The Statuary, which probably most people will neglect, is one of the strongest features of the Exhibition.

Whether owing to the absence of Mr. Comyns Carr, or to other causes, the New Gallery is badly hung and wholly uninteresting, unless indeed there be any excitement in noting the evil effects of popularity on promising artists like Mr. Sargent and Mr. Shannon. Sir John Millais' "Dew-drenched Furze" is a curious example of paint splattered on very obtrusive canvas, with a carefully drawn pheasant which has no kind of relation to the picture. If it were not for Mr. Collier's portrait of John Burns, and one of Mr. Henry Moore's

beautiful seascapes entitled "A Silvery Day," there would be little enough to detain the lover of art on these walls. The Grosvenor Gallery, on the contrary, is a much more significant exhibition, as it witnesses to the rise of a comparatively new school of Scotch artists. One can see them at their worst in Mr. Arthur Melville's "Audrey and her Goats," and at their best in Mr. Guthrie's "Orchard." Even their veteran President, Sir William Douglas, has felt their influence in his view of "Stonehaven from Bervie Braes." Mr. Swan is apparently the best delineator of lions we possess. His "Maternity," in the Grosvenor, is quite admirable—superior in our opinion to his corresponding canvas in the Royal Academy. Especially noticeable, too, is Mr. Orchardson's picture of himself for the Uffizzi Gallery; but that clever young artist, Mr. Frank Brangwyn, seems to have accepted his limitations in his everlasting, omnipresent atmosphere of grey. If the object of art be to conceal art, the painters of this year appear, on the whole, to have followed their instructions to the letter.

It is easy to understand why Mrs. Langtry should have produced "Esther Sandraz," although we may or may not approve of the choice. In the character of the deserted heroine, who stoops to acts of almost incredible meanness in order to purchase her revenge, Mrs. Langtry has a part which, though unsympathetic, is both picturesque and strong. The critics who still persist in regarding the lessee of the St. James's Theatre as an amateur, could not help recognizing the enormous advance which she has made in her profession since her visit to America and the provinces. The play itself, however, is unpleasant to the last degree, and, apart from all its sins against good taste and common morality, it is clumsily constructed and intrinsically absurd. Apart from the proof it affords that Mrs. Langtry is now an artist of considerable power, the performance has one pretty and amiable feature in the acting of Miss Marion Lea, who clearly has a future before her. Mr. Bourchier also did the little that fell to his lot with taste and discretion. As to the other chief theatrical novelty of the month, "The Cabinet Minister," at the Court Theatre, it is not so easy to make up one's mind. The play is undoubtedly a clever one, as indeed is all the work which is done by Mr. Pinero; the dialogue is as brilliant as usual, and the acting goes far to redeem some of the absurdities of the situation. But Mr. Pinero finds a singular pleasure in mystifying and confusing his audience, and sometimes he attempts to enlist their sympathies on the wrong side. Moreover, all his later work exhibits an uncomfortable oscillation between comedy and farce. On the whole, "The Cabinet Minister" is hardly a *chef d'œuvre*, although the clever acting of Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Brandon Thomas, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith will probably ensure a long run and sustained popularity.

English musicians have no longer the just cause of complaint which certainly did exist some ten years ago, as to the want of appreciation of their work by their compatriots. The star of English music is again in the ascendant, and, at any rate as far as composition is concerned, the celebrated Elizabethan musical records bid fair to be easily beaten by those of the Victorian era. The English festival programmes, and the sale of places on special days, bear ample testimony to the popularity of national composers, whose works undoubtedly excite the chief interest of the week's proceedings, to be seen in the enthusiasm of both chorus and audience. Further proof is afforded of this interest by the fact that the event of the English Opera season at Drury Lane, now ended, has been the production of an Englishman's opera, 'Thorgrim,' by F. H. Cowen, whose musical work has previously received much well-merited distinction. 'Thorgrim' was produced before a large and representative audience of musicians from all parts of England and abroad, whose enthusiastic and discriminating reception of the work was its best criticism. Space will not allow a detailed account of the plot, or minutely critical study of the music; suffice it to say of the former, that the romantic fascination which surrounds all Viking stories is most poetically and artistically given in the libretto by Mr. Joseph Bennett, whose first grand opera-book excites much interest owing to his many well-known excellent librettos for concert-room purposes. The libretto of 'Thorgrim' has only one fault, it lacks action, but its literary and poetical value is of the highest. From Mr. Cowen's music we would select for special praise the *Finale* of Act II., which is a splendid piece of descriptive writing, and the whole of Act III., which contains the composer's best and most successful work. The lyrical numbers of the opera are undoubtedly those in which Mr. Cowen's special gifts shine the brightest; the love duet in Act III. is a masterpiece of melodious graceful writing, distinguished by a fancy which gives to it unusual beauty. It is easy to predict that 'Thorgrim' will prove another '*cheval de bataille*' of the Carl Rosa English Opera Company, and it is satisfactory to know in connection with it, that national appreciation of Opera in English has taken the practical form of seven per cent. on the preference, and eight per cent. on the ordinary shares of the Company ever since its commencement.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

The first of May is over, and nothing serious has happened. The relief now expressed is the best proof of how insincere in reality was the security previously put forward with so much apparent confidence; like the loud protestations of children in the dark, that ghost stories are "nothing but nonsense." The fact is plain: people were terribly frightened, thoroughly realizing that anything might be expected, and

those who have, habitually, the least liking for M. Constans, now feel almost kindly towards him for the time being. Nothing more complete or more admirable could be imagined than all the organization of defence on that critical day; so much behind the scenes, and so little visible before the hour of need. Everything, indeed, seemed so quiet on the Boulevards and other large thoroughfares, that there was great temptation to go rather over-near to the places where crowds gathered, and thus many innocent people, especially amongst those unused to the working of such incidents in Paris, got thrown down, trampled upon, or otherwise injured. There is no reading of a Riot Act, or even warning given, before the cavalry charges. These are sudden and unexpected: a rush over the side pavements as well as in the middle of the street, so that the quietest of spectators become suddenly enveloped in a flying crowd, and find themselves thrown into very critical positions. But for the neatness with which M. Constans culled all the ring-leaders beforehand, there would evidently have been much more mischief than this. A terrible battle was expected, and even cannons were in readiness to sweep through the streets, the Government being determined to put all down with a strong hand.

However reluctantly, it must be acknowledged that such repressive energy is easier for a Republican government, necessarily impersonal, than for any monarch, upon whom, evidently, the odium of bloodshed is cast, and whose position becomes very difficult to hold afterwards. Monsieur Anybody resigns office, if the worst comes to the worst, and disappears in the crowd. A sovereign is fiercely pursued, and if he does not fly for his life, is brought to bay—guillotined, like Louis XVI., or shot, like Maximilian.

At all events, in this instance it has been clearly proved that the working population of Paris had really nothing to do with the demonstration, which was got up by that rabble, always ready for mischief, composed of vagabonds, thieves, *repris de justice*, or ticket-of-leave men, foreign demagogues belonging to secret societies, and boys under twenty—street Arabs, the scum of Paris, and the vilest of the vile. There is no more dangerous element in the Parisian population than these youthful malefactors. The greater number of murders, robberies, and burglaries are committed by mere boys. They are thoroughly corrupt, fiendishly cruel, and heartless; vicious to the core, and ready for anything, trusting to their youth to escape the guillotine. The weakness of M. Grévy in this respect—"Le Père la Grâce" (or "Father Reprieve"), as he was entitled—enormously increased the evil, transportation to Nouméa, or "La Nouvelle," as they call it, being rather enjoyed than otherwise, as a sort of gratuitous tourist's ticket. It is well known that the convicts are far too kindly treated, so that, in fact, they are better off than at home. Fenayrou, the author of one of the most atrocious and cold-blooded murders of recent years, keeps a

druggist's shop at Nouméa, and lives very comfortably. Many such instances are quoted.

The statement may seem paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, and proved by official statistics, that the Parisian population is not revolutionary. They are not easy to manage, and are given to insubordination; they invariably criticise all governments, and sneer at all authority; they always wish for a change, and dislike what they have; consequently, they prepare revolutions, unconsciously and unintentionally. But all this is mere talk; they have no wish for fighting, or street insurrections, and deplore any upset, very sincerely, though they are not fond of risking their precious lives in the cause of order; submitting peaceably to such horrors as those of the Commune, rather than trying energetic resistance, because they might get the worst of it. "*Je suis père de famille!*" and that settles all.

No, the Revolutionists are not Parisians, beyond a very small proportion of them. From the days of the Great Revolution to the present day, only about *one third* of those compromised in popular excesses were Parisians. Amongst political assassins, there is *not one* Parisian. The Parisian workman is intelligent, indolent, capricious, clever in his work, often to an inimitable degree, but irregular and unsteady; irreligious, fond of pleasure, knowing how to enjoy it almost intellectually; sensual to excess; but in reality indifferent to politics, and desirous only of enjoying life to the utmost. He is an Athenian—of the latter days of ancient Athens.*

The Parisian workman has little excuse for discontent; he is thoroughly well-paid, and as his work is excellent beyond competition, he can almost make his own terms; generally, he is employed at piece-work, and consequently may do as much time or as little as he chooses, and need work no longer than he likes. On the famous May-day almost all the "*ateliers*" were full as usual.

But, by the side of the real born Parisians are inhabitants of Paris, who have come from elsewhere, and are of a totally different stamp. Here is the danger, and it is terrible to look upon, for Paris is the chief receptacle of the veriest scum of the whole earth. All the villains who can no longer remain in their own countries, for they would have to pay the penalty of their misdeeds, come here, destitute and desperate, ready for any uproar; hoping for some profit by fishing in troubled waters. With these, less dangerous at the outset, but finally corrupted to any degree, are the discontented provincials; men who, through want of brains, or want of energy, or want of steadiness, have failed in all they have undertaken; who consider themselves persecuted geniuses, only to be appreciated in Paris, where they come with a large stock of delusions. Any real and striking talent will make its way in Paris; but mediocrity

* See the work on 'Paris,' chapter "Les Révolutions," by Maxime du Camp; and 'La Misère à Paris,' by the Comte d'Haussonville.

has less chance here than elsewhere. The standard is high, those who rise above it are quickly noticed and pushed on ; those who remain below (of course the vast majority) cannot even get an opportunity of showing what they might do, they are swallowed up in the vortex of the struggle for life. Consciousness of mediocrity is a rare virtue ; people always imagine that they excel in all that they undertake, and ascribe their defeat to any cause but the real one ; the more so, as they have probably possessed some superiority over their local surroundings. Hence, bitterness ; fury against all who have succeeded, and who enjoy the fruits of their efforts. Then, the example, still more perniciously exciting, of the dishonest prosperity attained by so many, the luxury of swindlers, great gains, by bad means. The last restraints of home principles—early education, perhaps the religious teaching of childhood—are broken through, one by one, and we find men, not bad originally, but now frenzied with the desire of holding a prominent position, and enjoying the good things of this world. These are the men who become the gilded Generals of the Commune, wearing smart uniforms, and imagining themselves heroes ; who eat, drink, and are merry ; living in palaces, and dreaming they are princes, till, when suddenly awakened to the stern reality, they turn into wild beasts, with the one surviving instinct of general destruction, that others may not have what they have not.

Unhappily for Paris, the amnesty brought back many Communists from Nouméa, whither they had been transported. With the principle of universal suffrage, they got elected as members of the Municipal Council, which virtually governs Paris, where they have caused infinite mischief. Under their patronage, the "*Bourse du Travail*" was founded, a large building near the Halles Centrales, where the workmen meet, to seek employment of all kinds. So far, the object would seem to be a good one ; but the whole is managed on Socialist principles, so that it is, in fact, a school for rebellion against employers, which provides the means for strikes. Next to it is a place for revolutionary public meetings, so that, naturally, the workmen attracted to the "*Bourse du Travail*" by its fair promises, are induced to attend these meetings, where their worst passions are fostered and encouraged.

The failure of the May demonstration is considered by all serious observers and politicians to be merely a reprieve, and not a victory. The greatest apprehensions for the future are entertained and freely expressed. An eminent political writer said to us : "In the Middle Ages we had the reign of the Church ; under Louis XIV. the aristocracy ; after the Revolution, the '*Tiers Etat*,' or bourgeoisie ; now, we have to deal with a '*Quart Etat*,' which is pushing upwards, and will soon be above us ; the lower layers will have their turn, and then—woe to us all !"

We can recommend for family reading, "*La Fille du Philosophe*," by Madame Marie Lionnet.

Correspondence.

The name and address of Correspondents must always be sent (not necessarily for publication), and the Editor cannot undertake to communicate with the writers or return their letters under any circumstances.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,

I read with much interest an article in the April number of your Magazine, entitled, "The Present Position of Electric Lighting," by Mr. Campbell Swinton, in which the writer attempts to lay before your readers a general idea of the working of electricity for illuminating purposes. I think a few remarks therein call for comment.

It is to be hoped that, for the success of Mr. Swinton's prophecy that electric lighting will be general at the close of the present year, the experience of the Deptford Station will not be repeated, the opening of this station having been promised months ago, and not realized yet, owing to failure of cables, and other causes.

The great number of applications to Parliament for lighting orders has been almost entirely due to a wish to be first in the field, the orders, when obtained, in the majority of cases not being proceeded with.

The operation of connecting house-wires to the main is not quite so easy as it is described to be, requiring workmen of great experience; "merely tapping off" reminds one forcibly of the advice to be seen on the automatic machines for the supply of sweets.

With regard to the necessity of machinery and skilled attendance, firstly, are not transformers machinery? and, secondly, in what other system of lighting is skilled attendance necessary, that the dispensing with it should be made such a point of?

The fact that large private installations are cheaper than supply from a station is undoubted, only I would alter "in some cases" to "always."

The confidence that is shown in the existence of a nearly perfect electric meter must astonish people like myself, who believed that it had yet to be invented. The result of the Paris competition, where no satisfactory meter was exhibited, and the prize withheld, is remarkable

in face of the statement. In comparing the efficiency of gas and electric meters, I am afraid the writer has compared the efficiency (even admitting his statement above, which is not borne out by facts) of the necessarily few electric meters in existence with the average efficiency of the thousands of gas meters in use—a grossly unfair comparison.

Mr. Swinton goes on to say that the London price of electricity is $7\frac{1}{4}d.$ per unit, and that so low a price as $4d.$ is reached in provincial towns. He then compares the price of gas with the latter, and finds it to be $3s. 6d.$ per 1000 cubic feet, leaving out altogether the $7\frac{1}{4}d.$ charge, which would, by rule of three, be equal to $6s. 2d.$, nearly three times the price of London gas. If the annual cost table is made out on this basis ($7\frac{1}{4}d.$), then the cost of the electric lamp would be $22s.$ per annum, as against gas at $7s. 6d.$, taking the latter at $2s. 6d.$, the highest price in London, and the open, flat-flame burner, consuming four cubic feet an hour for a light of twelve candle-power—a very modest estimate.

There is not so much convenience in manipulation of lights as Mr. Swinton makes out, since a match would probably have to be struck to find the electric button, and the light must either be full on or put right out. In the first case, the match would light the gas, and, in the second, gas can be turned down to burn an inappreciable quantity, and thus save fumbling in the dark. From the stress that is laid upon electricity being always at hand, one would almost infer that gas was periodically cut off from the consumer. I rather think the shoe should pinch the other foot.

With regard to small country installations, gas-engines would be better than steam in every respect; but when it came to “a gardener or other man-servant with sufficient intelligence and mechanical aptitude to enable him to learn to take charge of the working of the engine, dynamo, and other machinery after a few practical lessons,” I am afraid that the erratic electric light might behave in a very unseemly manner; I do not recommend your readers to try it, their sweetness of temper and their pockets would both be severely tested; not to mention the tragic fate that would await this genius, if perchance in his ignorance he sat on the terminals of his newly acquired professional instrument. I am sorry Mr. Swinton should have applied the advertising notice we see so often to dynamos, viz. “A child can use them.”

I do not find any mention of the great loss that is incurred in the use of accumulators, although they are mentioned as an adjunct to this little scheme.

The writer is rather hard on American electricians, when he says that the accidents we are continually hearing of from their country have been due to their own negligence and not to anything dangerous in electricity itself; and if, as he says, the reports of these accidents have been greatly exaggerated or entirely without foundation, why was a wholesale

cutting down of electric-light poles ordered and carried out in New York? The following extract from the Public Lights Inspector's report may prove of interest: 861 new gas-lamps were lighted during the year 1889, 286 were re-lighted, 7121 were put up in place of electric lights; only nineteen new electric lamps were lighted, 169 re-lighted, and 1371 were discontinued. These figures speak plainly. I would also ask, if it is possible to be killed by touching a lighted lamp with a metal case while standing on an iron grating (an accident that occurred), is not this outside the question of careless wiring, pointing to something "inherently dangerous" in the system?

Discussing underground conductors, we are told that these are perfectly safe; what about short circuits through gas and water pipes, and gas explosions caused by sparks? But I see Mr. Swinton considers the latter the fault of the gas companies! As it is impossible to keep gas mains absolutely tight because of drifting of soil, one might just as well argue that a man chained by the leg, and blown up by an infernal machine, deserved it because he did not get out of the way.

We are told that the pressure of current in houses, which is all with which the consumer has to deal, is quite safe: so it is, but the liability of transformers to break down and allow the street voltage into the house, is ignored.

In comparing the safety of illuminants, I am afraid that the writer has compared the accidents caused by electricity in its small area of supply with those in the enormous area supplied by gas; it is the only possible way he can arrive at the result he does.

I would point out that a scandalously bad lot of materials must be in general use, if fires are due to bad insulation only, for us to be continually hearing of houses being burnt down from overheating of wires. Mr. Swinton treats the superiority of the electric light to other illuminants rather flippantly, it is entirely a matter of opinion; as to its not fouling the air, how about the ventilating gas lights that carry off not only their own vitiated air but any other as well? Does the electric light do this? And finally I would ask, why, if electricity is so greatly superior, does he state that some lamps give a light undistinguishable from that of gas? This sudden come-down is peculiar.

The electric light is as yet a vast experiment; to say that its rapid introduction is assured appears to me to be slightly premature.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR R. BURCH.



Our Library List.

THE SEAT OF AUTHORITY IN RELIGION. By JAMES MARTINEAU. (*Longmans.*) Within the space of five years Dr. Martineau has now presented the public with three solid and important works. The 'Types of Ethical Theory' and 'A Study of Religion' have received a warm welcome, but the third is likely to be still more acceptable. The author's rich and splendid eloquence has not lost its power, but rather it has regained the vivacity and freedom which seemed to have deserted him for a time in the difficult and over-laboured manner of his previous work on religion. For the convenience of those who may not have time to follow his exposition of ethical systems, he has in this volume given a *résumé* of his own moral theory, the student of which could hardly doubt what Dr. Martineau's answer would be to the question raised in the title of the present work. For, according to that theory, the voice of conscience, which, imperatively and without regard to ulterior ends, commands us to prefer one course of conduct to another, is the voice of God. Where else should we, then, look for the authority of religion save in the heart and conscience of each? "Revealed religion is strictly personal and individual, and must be born anew in every mind." Not that each man stands by himself, and is his own exclusive guide. On the contrary, Dr. Martineau is distinguished from his master, Butler, by his firm denial of any such exclusive or isolated independence amongst individuals. The moral authority of our conscience is "brought to an intense focus in our minds by the reflected lights" of the conscience of others, and we may discover a mediator between ourselves and God in some person whose communion with Him is more direct and prevailing than our own. But the answer to the mere abstract question occupies only a small portion of the volume, the greater part of which is an endeavour to disentangle the divine from the human elements in the Christian religion. With characteristic energy, the author has revised his former views by a study of what recent criticism has done for theology. Catholicism and Protestantism are to him alike instances of "authority artificially misplaced"; in the one case transferred to a church, in the other to the word of the Scriptures. He endeavours, therefore, to separate out the permanent or divine element from the rest, and to obtain a representation of the person of Jesus, as the embodiment of what we may call divine humanity. It is impossible here to follow him in these investi-

gations, in his inquiry into the vexed questions of the authorship of the Gospels and the other books of the Canon, and of their relative chronological position ; nor into the long and interesting section in which, by examining the various views taken of the person of Jesus and of his work, Dr. Martineau endeavours to afford an insight into the spiritual significance of Christ, which at last he summarises in the concluding chapter. The most striking feature of his view is the denial that Christ claimed for himself Messiahship. This, which is contrary to the authority of most critics, including Harnack, is, as Mr. Gladstone might say, "a stiff consideration ;" and the reader may detect traces of violent allegorising in the explanation given of the phrase, "the Son of Man." But, whatever view may be taken of these questions, and though it may be often felt that Dr. Martineau, especially in the philosophical aspect of the subject, rather persuades the imagination than convinces the reason, no one can fail to recognize the importance of the work, or to award admiration to the labour which has thus gathered up in old age the harvest of a long life devoted to inquiry.

THE STUART DYNASTY. By PERCY M. THORNTON. (*Ridgway.*)

In a series of short studies Mr. Thornton traces the history of the Stuarts from the earliest times, when the head of the family was Steward or Senechal of Scotland, down to the attempt of 1715. Perhaps the great length of the period covered is responsible for the somewhat fragmentary character of the author's work. The earlier history of the family from the first Stuart king, Robert II., the grandson of Bruce, down to James V. as being less familiar, is rightly treated with comparatively greater detail. But it is with Mary Stuart that the story mingles with the history of England, and the fortunes of the family become supremely interesting. So long as "tears to human suffering are due" we shall continue to surround the later Stuarts with a halo of romance, in spite of their political incapacity. Mr. Thornton is anxious to say the best for them. In the vexed question of the Casket Letters which seemed to implicate Mary in the murder of Darnley he takes a lenient view. In the latest times he has had access to the Stuart Papers at Windsor, and the extracts which he gives from them constitute the most valuable feature of the book ; the most interesting of all are the letters which pass between Lord Bolingbroke and the Chevalier, which throw great light upon Bolingbroke's participation in the attempt ; as well as a few others which refer to Marlborough's complicity. But hardly less interesting are the letters of the Duke of Berwick, in which he excuses himself from joining the expedition owing to pressure from the French Regent. Though the body of the work is not very attractive, this appendix of papers is of high value. The volume is adorned with some portraits, which are executed with great beauty.

FRANCE AND THE REPUBLIC. By WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*) 'France and the Republic' is hardly likely to be so successful as 'Ireland under Coercion.' It is always an extremely difficult thing for a foreigner to write a good account of the real life and thoughts of a nation he has visited; and Mr. Hurlbert is more of a foreigner in France than in Ireland. Besides, France is a much larger country than Ireland, which does not decrease the difficulty of studying it. And then, whatever he was in Ireland, Mr. Hurlbert is an open and undisguised partisan in France. His pages are everywhere crowded with bitter and angry criticism on the Republican Government. What he says may be just and true enough, but it is not said in an impartial spirit; and his violent hostility to the Republic leads him sometimes into extraordinary statements, as when he says that, but for the English and American revolutions, "the world in general would know and care to-day very little more about the French 'principles of 1789,' and the French Revolution and the First French Republic, than the world in general knows or cares to-day about the wars in the Cevennes or the conflict between the Armagnacs and the Bourguignons;" a startling statement certainly to make about the event which has generally been thought to be, for good or evil, the most interesting event in history. Mr. Hurlbert is justly severe on the silly anti-religious policy of the Republic and on the enormous expenses entailed by it. He has done good service, too, in showing, what is too little known in England, the real strength of religious feeling in France. The sincere Catholics are far more numerous than is generally supposed, and there is no doubt that the Government persecutions have caused a revival of loyalty to the Church among many whose Catholicism has been little more than nominal till recently. Mr. Hurlbert gives a very good and intelligible account of what Boulangism really was, and how it was that the universal discontent took that particular form; and probably most people will agree with him that the evidences he brings of official pressure at elections, coupled with the very small majority of votes now remaining to the Republic, really prove that a perfectly free election would destroy the Republic to-morrow.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS. By WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P. (*Longmans & Co.*) Most people probably will take up Mr. O'Brien's novel with some misgivings. Their relief, therefore, will be proportionately great when they discover that the book is not a political manifesto, but a clever and graphic story of the Fenian rising after the American war. Its literary merits are indeed not very conspicuous; the workmanship is somewhat tawdry and suggestive of the theatre; and, chief fault of all, it is intolerably long. Notwithstanding these defects, however, it is undeniably interesting, and some of the characters are quite excellent, notably that of the hero Ken Rohan, the American

officer, Captain Mike MacCarthy, and the absentee peer, Lord Drum-shaughlin. The reader also will be pleased to notice that Mr. O'Brien's fascinating young lady belongs by birth to the hated race of Ireland's oppressors, and, throughout, the author has been conspicuously fair to those with whose politics he is bound to disagree.

ACTE. By HUGH WESTBURY. (*Bentley*.) The proper title, it seems to us, for this book should have been 'Nero,' for the Greek girl who gives her name to the work, plays in reality a somewhat subordinate part. The story is of the Roman Empire, when the destinies of the State were consigned to the mad and besotted artist who fiddled while Rome was burning, and the amiable but sententious philosopher Seneca. The author may be congratulated on having produced an extremely skilful work on a very difficult subject, although the introduction of the Apostle Paul quoting from his own Epistles is, we think, a literary and artistic mistake.

THE HERIOTS. By SIR HENRY CUNNINGHAM. (*Macmillan & Co.*) The author of the 'Chronicles of Dustypore' and the 'Cœruleans' has produced a novel which it is indeed a pleasure to read as a contrast to much of the theatrical balderdash and high-flown romance of the day. 'The Heriots' is a simple tale set in a quiet key, written with admirable taste and delicacy, and enriched with many clever epigrams. The story itself is neither new nor particularly interesting; it is the manner in which it is told that is its distinctive feature—the manner of a cultivated man speaking to cultivated men.

THE MINER'S RIGHT. By ROLF BOLDREWOOD. (*Macmillan & Co.*) The book will probably come as a disappointment to those who read with pleasure 'Robbery under Arms.' It is hardly a novel, but rather a detailed description of the Australian goldfields in '50 or '60, intended to prove the immense superiority of such institutions when under British Government to those like the Californian, which are supposed to know no other law than that of Judge Lynch. The diggers are all as near moral and physical perfection as human beings can be. They are all six feet high, and none of them would "mark out a claim" on Sunday for worlds. Their one weak point is intolerance of the Chinese. When they are wicked, they are very wicked; but they are not indifferent to the smaller elegances of life, tact and good taste being their distinguishing characteristics. There is a faint under-current of story rather loosely put together, but the real object of the book appears to be a general glorification of Australia.

THE TWO KINDS OF TRUTH. By T. E. S. T., an old Life Member of the British Association. (*Fisher Unwin.*) When almost everybody writes his reminiscences, it is only natural that a person who has throughout his life given much study to science and literature, and taken a lively interest in the movements of thought during his time, should desire to give the world the benefit of his knowledge and reflection. In the present case this has produced a book which contains much information on a very extended range of subjects, put together without much system; but we cannot say that the work possesses value. The more popular in character such a book is, the greater is the necessity for a firm hand in the treatment. The author's "test" is the distinction of "natural" from "universal" truth; the first kind includes physical facts which might very well be different from what they are; the other includes truths like those of geometry, which could not be different. This test is simply assumed, though its validity has over and over again been questioned, and it is applied, also without proof, to show that everything concerned with the human mind in the proper sense is "universal." Evolution must therefore stop short of mind, in spite of the evidence collected by Darwin and Mr. Romanes. Free-will and immortality are certain truths, for the same reason. But how all these universal truths resemble those of geometry we cannot tell and the author does not say. There is no difficulty to our mind in supposing the absence of free will or immortality, and for the matter of that, in imagining with many mathematicians that our geometry does not everywhere hold true. Recognizing that there is an interest in learning the opinions of men like the author, we cannot think that, even if his opinions are correct, they can be established in this way. There is, as usual, much appeal to authority, but we have noticed several misquotations, such as the astounding citation of Spinoza for the belief that God has power to alter the laws of the universe.

NATIONAL HEALTH. Abridged from THE HEALTH OF NATIONS. A REVIEW OF THE WORKS OF SIR EDWIN CHADWICK, K.C.B. By BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON. (*Longmans.*) The title sufficiently explains the history of this work, which consists of the more directly practical portions of the larger work. It forms an admirable popular memorial of the great services which Sir Edwin Chadwick has rendered to his country. How great those services were may be estimated by a glance through the sketch which Dr. Richardson has given of his friend's life. The Poor Law Act of 1834, with which Sir Edwin Chadwick's name is chiefly associated, was only one out of many reforms which he either initiated or helped to carry through. To him we owe wholly or in part the factory legislation, the registration of the causes of death, the organization of the police. If much of the present volume seems familiar in its instruction with regard to healthy dwellings, and

schools, and healthy education, this is because their author was, so Dr. Richardson claims, the author of sanitary science. In his views on education, which he embodied in the "half-time system," the most remarkable part is his insistence on short hours of teaching as against the system of long hours. One project of his remains as yet unrealized, that of bringing down fresh air from a great height to ventilate cities. If M. Eiffel and Sir Edward Watkin will sweep the streets of Paris and London with fresh air, they will do more than if they took millions of visitors at five francs to see the view.

EGYPTIAN SKETCHES. By JEREMIAH LYNCH. (*Edward Arnold*.) In this attractive and well "got-up" volume, furnished with some very good illustrations, the author has given a series of agreeably written sketches of Egypt and its manners. It is all the more to be regretted that he should have disturbed the pleasant impression by introducing colloquialisms such as "big guns" (applied to officials), "going at it hammer and tongs," which are inelegant, and surely avoidable even in such light essays as these. Mr. Lynch makes no pretence of learning or exhaustiveness, but he talks in a pleasant way about archæology and history as well as the life of Egypt. He should not, however, have said that the third inscription on the Rosetta stone was cuneiform; it was really demotic, the later or cursive form of Egyptian writing. It is interesting to hear the opinion which, as an American, he entertains of our rule. He seems to think it a blessing to the country, and advises us to stay there altogether. In spite of English justice, he declares that we are unpopular, thus once more verifying what is said with reference to our Indian rule, that *les Anglais sont justes, mais ils ne sont pas bons*. We are not sure that all Englishmen take the same frankly material view as he does of our retention of India—that we use it as "the dumping ground of all the surplus manufactures of England." There are many interesting sketches of customs of which Mr. Lynch has been a witness—such as the mutilation of the dervishes, and an Arab marriage. If Mr. Lynch's compatriot Carleton is a real person, we wonder whether he will like to read the story of his marriage to an Egyptian girl. Altogether these sketches seem to achieve their purpose of whetting the appetite of travellers, and certainly are agreeable reading for a vacant hour.

THROUGH ABYSSINIA. AN ENVOY'S RIDE TO THE KING OF ZION. By F. HARRISON SMITH, R.N. (*Fisher Unwin*).—'King of Zion' is one of the titles borne by King John of Abyssinia, to whom, in 1886, Lieutenant Smith was sent as envoy with a sword of honour presented to the King by our Queen, in recognition of the fidelity with which he had aided the withdrawal of the Egyptian garrisons. The volume, which is swollen by very thick paper to look much bigger than it is,

describes the envoy's journey from Massowah to the court at the south of Abyssinia, and his reception there and return. King John was very friendly, entertained a high idea of the English method of concluding business, and created the envoy a chief of the Order of Solomon; in which character he is represented in the frontispiece. He used his dignity with great effect on the return journey to overawe an Abyssinian officer, who, according to the fashion of the country, acted as a sort of go-between or *proximus* to the foreigner, but whose chief concern was to obtain backsheesh. The delays created by Oriental dignity, the trickery of subordinates, and their cringing servility when discovered, are all illustrated. Lieut. Smith seems to have exhibited a decision of character under the circumstances, which may well have impressed the Abyssinians. He might have shortened considerably his record of the outward journey, which, except when it brings him into contact for a moment with Ras Alula, does not possess great interest. The story of the reception at court is, however, interesting and amusing.

ANNALS OF BIRD LIFE. By CHARLES DIXON. (*Chapman & Hall.*) This book is divided into four parts, one on each of the four seasons, and gives a minute account of the birds we have with us from January to December, their ways and habits, their comings and goings, when they begin to sing and when they leave off, when they pair and when they moult, what they feed on and where they sleep, and all the hundred other little details of bird life with which a watchful observer may fill a diary in the country. Mr. Dixon is distinctly of the new school of ornithology, which moves on from the study of bird structure to the kindlier and pleasanter study of bird life. "The dead birds," he says, "have had their day, and naturalists are beginning to wake up to the fact that the living birds are infinitely more interesting, more wonderful, and more beautiful." We have only one fault to find with the book, and that is that Mr. Dixon does not give us enough of himself. He is too fond of lists, and dates, and facts. We would give a good deal for a few more stories like the one on page 128, of the Landrail which shammed death. It was constant stories of this kind, as well as, we must add, a most fascinating style, that made the charm and success of Mr. Warde Fowler's delightful 'Year with the Birds.' Mr. Dixon's book is certainly interesting as it is, but it would have been made more attractive by a freer introduction of the personal element.

MY LADY NICOTINE. By J. M. BARRIE. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*) The defect of these essays is that they fail to carry conviction with them. In the newspaper in which they appeared separately, this did not perhaps matter so much; but, collected together as a consecutive set of sketches, it is a serious objection that one cannot get oneself

to believe in the people as one ought, as one *does*, for instance, in 'Alice in Wonderland,' in spite of all her queer adventures. Scrymgeour and Gilray and the rest never do such impossible things as Alice is doing every minute, but they are not half so real to us, not half so much flesh and blood. Alice, of course, is nothing but a most ordinary and natural little girl; and perhaps the secret of the difference is that ordinary people in extraordinary circumstances are much more amusing than queer people in ordinary circumstances. But it is rather unfair to expect everybody to come up to Lewis Carrol's level in humour; and, after all, if they have something a little puppetlike and unreal about them, the Arcadians and their mixture, and the Japanese boudoir, and Primus and his uncle, are not at all bad company for a railway journey, or an odd hour in an easy-chair.

OLD FRIENDS: ESSAYS IN EPISTOLARY PARODY. By ANDREW LANG. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*) "Mr. Andrew Lang at home. To meet Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq., the Rev. Mr. Casaubon, Mrs. Gamp, and many other old friends." It is a prospect that will tempt most people, for, though most people are already acquainted with the charms of Mr. Lang's style and humour, that only encourages the desire to make further acquaintance with them. There are twenty-three sets of these letters, and, as might be expected from Mr. Lang, the correspondents embrace all sorts and conditions of men, from Sophocles to Montague Tigg, Esq., and Mr. Arthur Pendennis. There is an amusing adventure of Mr. Pickwick's with the French police, told chiefly by Monsieur Lecocq of Paris and Inspector Bucket of Scotland Yard. Truthful James has a sad tale to tell to Mr. Bret Harte; and there are two most charming letters which pass between Christian and Piscator. But a little curiosity as to the society one is going to meet is always agreeable, so we will refrain from lengthening the list.

REJECTED OF MEN, AND OTHER POEMS. By A. JOHNSON BROWN. (*Sampson Low & Co.*) A small volume of religious poems, which display, not only facility, but delicacy of feeling and of thought. The most attractive is a poem called 'Myths of the Dawn,' where the poet seeks to enter into the 'divine life' of each element. There is real beauty in this poem, and the author's strength seems to lie in using his sympathy with nature to interpret religious feeling.

